

CUBA AND HER STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM—By Fitzhugh Lee.

2819



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BY MISTAKE.

Absent in mind, I called her "dear,"
Not by design;
And if she feigned she did not hear,
She might divine.

With woman it is not the sigh
Of tender art,
The pleading word, the ardent eye,
That melt her heart.

It is the note that comes unsought—
Trip that betrays—
By which her subtle soul is taught
True lover's ways.

Argosy.

SULLY PRUDHOMME.

Translated by C. E. Meetkerke.

I see you on the waters, so white, so still,
forlorn,
Your dear eyes unclosing beneath a
foreign rain;
A plaything of the winds, you turn and
drift unceasing,
No grave for your resting; O, mine the
bitter pain!

All through the night did I hear the ban-
shee keening:
Somewhere you are dying, and nothing
can I do;
My hair with the wind, and my two
hands clasped in anguish;
Bitter is your trouble—and I am far
from you.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

THE KINE OF MY FATHER.

The kine of my father they are straying
from my keeping;
The young goat's at mischief, but little
can I do;
For all through the night did I hear the
banshee keening,
O youth of my loving, and is it well
with you?

All through the night sat my mother with
my sorrow;
"Whisht, it is the wind. O one children
of my heart!"
My hair with the wind, and my two
hands clasped in anguish;
Black head of my darling, too long are
we apart.

Were your grave at my feet I would think
it half a blessing;
I could herd then the cattle and drive
the goats away;
Many a paternoster I would say for your
safe-keeping;
I could sleep above your heart until the
dawn of day.

I see you on the prairie, hot with thirst
and faint with hunger;
The head that I love lying low upon the
sand.
The vultures shriek impatient, and coyote
dogs are howling,
Till the blood is pulsing cold within your
clenching hand.

FROM THE SONG-BOOK OF BETHIA
HARDACRE. TO —
(Who says that a life disabled for active service
must be intolerable.)

Thine eyes are holden and but see
Life from the standpoint of thine own;
Nor note that Nature ceaselessly
Strives for each evil to atone;
And, dauntless, toils to compensate
For every stab and sting of fate.

And stricken, captive souls to whom
Life's common joys are all denied
Find, peradventure, in their doom
Hopes, veiled to thee, intensified:
Through darkness and through prison
bars
Beholding Heaven's high realm of stars.
Spectator. ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

SPIKENARD.

As one who came with ointments sweet,
Abettors to her fleshly guilt,
And brake and poured them at Thy feet,
And worshipped Thee with spikenard
spilt:
So from a body full of blame,
And tongue too deeply versed in shame,
Do I pour speech upon Thy name.
O Thou, if tongue may yet beseech,
Near to Thine awful feet let reach
This broken spikenard of my speech!

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

From The Fortnightly Review.

CUBA AND HER STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.
(FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES.)

My information about Cuba and the situation there to-day has been gathered while performing official duties, and of course belonged to the government, and has been given to it from time to time in official reports. This article necessarily traverses some of the ground gone over in detail in these reports.

Nine months previous to the expiration of the presidential term of Mr. Cleveland, at his request, I proceeded to Havana, Cuba, having been appointed United States Consul-General. Resolutions recognizing the belligerent rights of the insurrectionary forces in Cuba had passed both houses of Congress, and had reached and were lying upon the President's desk for his signature. Grave doubts existed in the mind of Mr. Cleveland whether the Cuban government, then in arms against the Spanish authority on the island of Cuba, was properly entitled to such recognition. One of the principal objects, therefore, of my mission was to ascertain and report the exact political and military conditions existing at that time in Cuba. As the President expressed it at the time, he did not "want to go into the Cuban business 'bow on' without knowing where" he was "going."

A few weeks after my arrival in Havana, I made a report to the Secretary of State (in substance) that, in my opinion, there was no immediate prospect of the Spanish soldiers suppressing the insurrection in Cuba or of the insurrectionary troops driving the Spanish from the island, and that, therefore, without outside interference, war, with its attendant horrors, would continue for an indefinite time; that the Island was being devastated and gradually being reduced to an ash pile; that property was being destroyed everywhere, fields burnt, and human life taken by both contestants under the most aggravating circumstances; and that com-

merce was being extinguished, entailing great loss to the United States and to the American citizens resident on the island.

A SWIFT INCREASE OF MISERY AND DESOLATION.

If I were to write a report to-day of the conditions now existing on the island I should not change, in its essential features, the report written two years ago, except to say that the destruction of property and the loss of life have suffered of course a large increase, and that misery, poverty, desolation and devastation exist now in greater degree than at the former period. The United States, at this writing, has determined to intervene, and, with soldiers and sailors, compel the Spanish troops to depart from the island and the Spanish flag to be furled forever upon the "Gem of the Antilles."

It is most difficult to comprehend the cruelties and enormities of Spanish rule on the island—more especially within the last few years. Spain has been repeating her past history by continuing that policy which has heretofore humbled her pride and reduced her territorial possessions, and will now lose Cuba, Porto Rico and very possibly the Philippine Islands by that "barbarous persecution"—so atrocious that Motley says "it was beyond the power of man's ingenuity to add any fresh horrors to it."

Cuba, lying at the gate of the Gulf of Mexico, is, in some respects, the most fertile spot on the face of the globe. Its soil, in great part, is a rich chocolate loam, capable of producing everything that grows in tropical regions in the greatest abundance, while it stands, and will stand, unrivalled in the quality and quantity of its two great staple products—sugar and tobacco. It is true that, as in all tropical regions, the sun during the summer months casts heated rays upon all parts of the island; but during that period the rainy season begins, and three or four afternoons in each week, from July to October, there is a succession of rain showers followed by the sun again, a wise provision of

nature, as it results in the continued growth of grass and all plants then in the ground. In consequence, the island is ever green; and, there being no winter, as fast as a crop is reaped, the ground is available for the next. As is well known, sugar-cane, when once planted, does not have to be replanted for seven or eight years; so that when it is annually cut down and ground into molasses and sugar, the planter thereafter has only to wait for a corresponding period in the next year to perform a similar operation. From Santiago de Cuba, the most eastern province, to Pinar del Rio, the most western, there is a range of mountains varying more or less in height (the highest portion being at the eastern end of the island) which constitutes a backbone, as it were, and to which upon each of its long sides the remainder of the island seems to be securely anchored. In these mountains are found many minerals, and upon their sides grow in profusion the most valuable hard woods, the railroads using in some instances mahogany for cross-ties.

The history of the Spanish people, so far as it refers to their colonial possessions, has never kept step to the music of the march of progress nor ever shown any development of interior natural resources. Here, on this favored spot where Spanish feet were planted over four centuries ago, there are no public roads or highways or even country roads; no canals; no telegraphs, except along the line of some of the railroads; and the few railroads on the island were built by English enterprise and capital, and not by Spanish. It has ever been the policy of the Spaniards to occupy the edges of a country and remain in and closely around the cities and towns which constitute the seaports.

THE ENMITY BETWEEN SPANIARDS AND CUBANS.

Less than half a century ago the Cubans (or Insular Spaniards, as they were called) owned most of the property and wealth of the island; but it has been gradually passing away from them until to-day the Peninsular Span-

iards (or the Spaniards born in Spain) have succeeded in securing possession of the commercial business, stores and commission houses of the cities, so that they are now the wealthy class of Cuba. A very high tariff on all goods, except those coming from Spain, has driven the inhabitants of the island to trade with Spain to a great extent, and the Spanish merchants at Barcelona and other points, preferring to have commercial relations with the Spaniards rather than the Cubans, have done much to bring about this financial change in these two classes.

This change, combined with economic questions, has been greatly widening the dividing line between the Cubans and Spaniards until it has resulted in the present existing chasm. For a great hatred exists between the Spaniards and the Cubans, though, after all, the latter are descendants of Spaniards themselves; and it is a remarkable fact that nearly every person born on the island seems to be at once instilled with a dislike for the Spaniards and their methods, and I know of no instance where children born in Cuba of Spanish parents have not participated in this feeling. This fact has made it easier for the Spaniards to deprive the Cubans of all "Home Rule" or participation in the government and its perquisites, until the last feather was added to the great pile which had been accumulating for a long number of years and has driven the Cubans to attempt once more to throw off the Spanish yoke and seize and hold the reins of their own government.

THE SPANISH ARMY IN CUBA.

Spain, losing her power by gradual process, has seen for many years that Cuban independence is only a question of time, though the political demands on the party in power in Madrid has made it necessary for the political life of that party to resist in every form every attempt upon the part of the Cubans to secure their liberties and to resist all attempts of other countries to intervene in the interest of peace, progress and humanity. Whatever else

may be said of Spain and her decadence, the fact stands bravely forth that she has made a magnificent struggle to preserve this rich colonial possession. Over two hundred thousand soldiers (larger in numbers than the combined armies of Generals Grant and Lee in the war of 1861-65 in America) have been transported at immense expense nearly four thousand miles from her shores—the largest number of organized troops that has ever been transported so great a distance from their homes and firesides. These troops have been badly handled and therefore have not made much of a record in strategy and tactics or for efficient service on the island of Cuba. They were principally located in the coast cities and in the larger interior towns, while the insurrectionists have been holding to a great degree the rest of the island.

The inefficiency of the Spanish soldier arises not from a want of personal courage, but because he is not properly drilled, disciplined or organized into a fighting machine. In Cuba he has to struggle as best he can with but little or no pay—while badly clothed and fed—and is sent into the field to stand the sunshine and the storm without giving him proper protection from either. He then becomes an easy captive to climatic perils, and, instead of a robust soldier crammed with fire and fight, we find him a half-sick, listless man, to whom it is an effort to raise and aim a rifle.

Gomez, the leader of the rebels, whatever else may be said about him, has fought this war in the only way he could win it, and never for one moment during the three years of strife has he departed a hair's breadth from the policy first inaugurated. He proposed to combat Spain's purse more than her soldiers; to play a waiting game, and exhaust the failing financial resources of Spain. He did not propose to fight if it could be avoided, because he could not well afford to lose a man or a cartridge, being dependent for both upon the very uncertain and devious methods of filibusterism. His army, scat-

tered over an island some eight hundred miles long by an average breadth of sixty miles, if all concentrated upon a single point, would number about thirty-five thousand men; but being entirely devoid of bases of supplies and deficient in transportation and food for men or horses, to concentrate would be to starve, and to fight pitched battles against overwhelming numbers would result in the loss of the battle and the loss of his cause. He is a grim, resolute, honest, conscientious, grizzled old veteran, now seventy-five years old, who has thoroughly understood the necessary tactics in order to waste the resources of his enemy, and to prolong the war until such time as Spain would abandon the struggle as hopeless, or until it should become manifest to the United States that the contest had degenerated into a hopeless conflict.

GENERAL WEYLER AND HIS POLICY.

General Weyler, the Spanish commander first charged with suppressing the insurrection, seemed to have had an idea that if he could build trochas or ditches across the island from north to south, and from sea to sea, at one or two points, and have these trochas strongly held by Spanish troops, the connection with the different bodies of insurgents on the island would be severed, and that he could then pen or corral them, and afterwards march his soldiers first into one of these pens, and then into another, until he had captured or killed all those within who were opposed to the Spanish flag. These trochas are curious in their construction. When the ditches are dug, the dirt is thrown up on one side, while on the other is a barbed wire fence, and every few hundred yards a block house is built, capable of holding a few soldiers, and generally with two stories—the upper one being occupied by the vedette or sentinel, who is posted to report any advance of his enemy. It cannot be said that this method of warfare proved successful, though costing a great deal of money to construct it, and now it has been practically abandoned. One light battery of artillery

could have opened the way for passage of troops. The insurgents always found many ways of crossing at night, or where these lines ran through swamps, or around by the water at either end of them. Maceo, it will be remembered, who was supposed to have been shut off in the western end of the province by what is known as the Mariel trocha, found no difficulty in crossing when he desired to go east, though, unfortunately for the Cuban cause, it resulted in his death afterwards.

Captain General Weyler, more active in Cuban campaign work than his successor, General Blanco, did but little to suppress the insurrection. He organized columns to move from the cities and operate against the bands of roving insurgents in their vicinity, but the Spaniards have so little idea of modern warfare, and of the necessary attributes to mobilize an army, that these columns, after having been out a very few days, and exchanged fire with the insurgents, would invariably return to the cities, because out of rations or burdened with a few wounded, while the insurgents who had assembled temporarily to check their march would scatter out again and return to their various little camps with the result, probably, to each side, of only two or three men killed and a few wounded.

THE RECONCENTRADO ORDER AND ITS EFFECT.

It was evident, therefore, that this style of guerilla warfare, as practised by the insurgents, could be maintained for years, because a generous soil, tilled by the peasants who were in sympathy with the insurrection, produced the necessary food. It was then that General Weyler conceived the *brilliant* idea of destroying the peasant farmers to prevent their giving aid and comfort to the insurrectionists. This he hoped to effect by the issuing of his famous "reconcentrado order," whose terms compelled the old men, women and children to leave their homes and come within the nearest Spanish fortified lines, pains being taken after they were

driven from their little farms to burn their houses, tear up their plant beds and drive off and confiscate the few cattle, hogs and chickens that they were obliged to leave.

The United States was naturally shocked at the brutality of this order, and saw, with great indignation, some four hundred thousand of these poor, innocent war victims forced away from where they could subsist themselves, to the Spanish lines where they could obtain nothing and within which nothing was tendered. As a consequence, over two hundred thousand (principally women and children and non-combatants) died from starvation, and starvation alone. History presents nowhere such an appalling record; nor do the military annals anywhere furnish such a horrible spectacle, the result of a military order, based upon a supposed military necessity.

General Weyler, if anything, is a soldier, trained to no other career, and one who believes that everything is fair in war, and every means justifiable which will ultimately write success upon his standards. He did not propose to make war with velvet paws but to achieve his purpose of putting down the insurrection if he had to wade through, up to the visor of his helmet, the blood of every Cuban—man, woman and child—on the island. And yet, I found him—in official intercourse—affable, pleasant and agreeable. He was always polite and courteous to me, and told me more than once that he wished I would remain in my position there as consul-general as long as he did as governor and captain-general. He was small in stature, with a long face and square chin, and wearing side-whiskers and a moustache; quick, nervous in his manner and gait; decided in his opinions, he was loved by some and hated and feared by others. Whatever may have been his military qualifications, his warfare in Cuba did not demonstrate soldierly ability, because with an army of effectives of at least one hundred and fifty thousand men, he failed to suppress an insurrection whose total fighting force did not num-

ber forty thousand men. He told me one day he would like to visit the United States; to which I replied that I thought he would enjoy seeing the new republic with its wonderful history, but he shook his head, saying that he could never go, because the people of the United States would kill him, and that they were already calling him, in the newspapers, "The Butcher Weyler."

IMPRISONMENT OF AMERICAN CITIZENS
IN CUBA.

When I first reached the island, citizens of the United States (principally naturalized Americans) were being constantly arrested and thrown into cells where they were kept "incommunicado," as the Spaniards term it. "The 'Competitor' prisoners," as they were called, were then in the cells of the Cabanas fort, having been captured before I reached Cuba. The "Competitor," it will be remembered, was a small schooner which attempted to land a filibustering expedition west of Havana, and was captured after most of her passengers had landed, leaving the crew, about five in number, on the vessel. These prisoners were tried by a naval court martial on the 8th of May, 1896, by a court organized to convict, the only testimony being that of the captain of the Spanish gunboat who had taken them prisoners. A sentence of death was promptly pronounced, and would have been quickly carried out, as was done with a portion of the "Virginius" prisoners twenty-five years before, had not our government interfered to prevent the murder of these men, just as the English gunboat "Niobe," Captain Sir Lambton Lorraine, stopped the killing of the "Virginius" prisoners, but unfortunately not until the courageous Fry and some fifty-three of his one hundred and fifty-five men had been shot.

I earnestly and vigorously protested against the arrest of these American citizens, telling General Weyler that it was in violation of the treaty and protocol between Spain and the United States, which, in my opinion, limited

the confinement "incommunicado" to seventy-two hours. "Incommunicado" is a Spanish term, meaning literally *without communication*. And these Americans, without any charges against them that I could ascertain, and without warning, and without the knowledge of their friends and relatives, were arrested and thrown into these little "incommunicado" cells, about eight by ten feet, stone floors and dark, and kept in these horrid little holes for days and days without being allowed to see and talk with anyone. I told Weyler that, in our country, the law presumed every man innocent until he was proved guilty; but by the Spanish process every man was guilty and they did not even give him an opportunity to prove his innocence. But he replied that he had published a proclamation establishing martial law, and that the terms of that proclamation superseded the stipulations of the treaty. To which I answered that the terms of treaties between two countries at peace could not be set aside, changed or altered except by the action of one or both of the contracting parties, and that his proclamation was, therefore, inoperative where its stipulations came in conflict with the treaty mandates.

The situation, however, remained unchanged until finally Dr. Ruiz, an American dentist who was practising his profession in a town called Guanabacoa, some four miles from Havana, was arrested. A railroad train between Havana and this town had been captured by the insurgents, and the next day the Spanish authorities arrested a large number of persons in Guanabacoa, charging them with giving information which enabled the troops, under their enterprising young leader Aranguren, to make the capture; and among these persons arrested was this American. He was a strongly built, athletic man, who confined himself strictly to the practice of his profession and let politics severely alone. He had nothing to do with the train being captured, but that night was visiting a neighbor opposite, until nine or ten o'clock, when

he returned to his house and went to bed. He was arrested by the police the next morning; thrown into an "in comunicado" cell; kept there some three hundred and fifty or sixty hours, and was finally (when half-crazed by this horrible imprisonment and calling for his wife and children) struck over the head with a "billy" in the hands of a brutal jailer and died from its effects. Ruiz went into that cell an unusually healthy and vigorous man and came out a corpse.

After this tragedy I determined no longer to submit to more violations of the treaty rights of American citizens, and, therefore, after viewing this dead body, went to my office, and, finding that there was an American named Scott who had been arrested and was already "incommunicado" a much longer time than the prescribed limit of seventy-two hours, I demanded that he be released from "incommunicado," and at the end of three days he was released, and since the hour I made the issue no American citizens have been thrown into "incommunicado" cells, and all Americans who were arrested afterwards for supposed offences or captured in the insurgent ranks were invariably turned over to me and I sent them to the United States.

THE FAILURE OF AUTONOMY.

During all this period the war, if the conflict going on in the island could be so dignified, was dragging its slow length along. So slow was the progress to suppress the insurrection that at last the Spanish authorities in Madrid began to despair of terminating it successfully. For this reason, and in my opinion this reason alone, the Canovas Ministry decided upon a new Cuban policy, and decided that they would put into operation certain reforms which would give the Cuban people more power to regulate their domestic concerns. After a great deal had been written and said on the subject, the proposed forms at last were sent to General Weyler, who was obliged to appear favorable to the action of the Spanish Ministry, though it

was well known he was not in favor of terminating the war except at the sword's point. Early it became manifest that the Cubans, with or without arms, did not propose to accept such reforms. In the first place, they had no confidence that they would ever be put into practical operation after their firearms had been stacked, and in the next, they considered it too late to adopt any such measures. Six months ago the Canovas reforms were buried in the same grave with the murdered statesman. A new ministry, under the leadership of Sagasta, was formed, who, finding that the reforms had not served the contemplated purpose, decided to go through the form of granting to the Cubans a still more liberal measure which they called "Autonomy." It was an elaborate system of "Home Rule" with a string to every sentence; so that I soon became satisfied that, if the insurrection against the Spanish throne on the island ceased, the condition of the Cubans would speedily be the same as it was at the commencement of the war. I gave the reasons therefore in a paper now on file in the State Department which clearly proved that the Spaniards could easily control one of the legislative chambers, and that behind any joint action on the part of both was the veto of the governor-general, whose appointment was made from the throne in Madrid.

This system of autonomy, however, was gravely proceeded with. An Autonomistic Cabinet was seriously formed, composed in part of Cubans who, though at one time in favor of a government of the island free from Spanish control, had given satisfactory intimations that, if they were appointed to cabinet offices, their former opinions could be modified to suit existing circumstances. Blanco's autonomistic government was doomed to failure from its inception. The Spanish soldiers and officers scorned it, because they did not desire Cuban rule, which such autonomy, if genuine, would insure. The Spanish merchants and citizens were opposed to it, because they too were hostile to the Cubans having

control of the island, and if the question could be narrowed down to Cuban control or annexation to the United States, they were all annexationists, believing that they could get a better government and one that would protect, in a greater measure, life and property under the United States flag than under the Cuban banner. On the other hand, the Cubans in arms would not touch it, because they were fighting for Free Cuba; and the Cuban citizens and sympathizers, or the non-arm-bearing population, were distinctly opposed to it also; while those in favor of it seemed to consist of the Autonomistic Cabinet, General Blanco, his secretary-general and staff, and a few followers elsewhere.

GENERAL BLANCO. 

General Blanco I always found an amiable, kind-hearted gentleman, who I believe was really and thoroughly conscientious in the discharge of the duties confided to him. He must have been convinced that there was no chance for autonomy to succeed, though in his *pronunciamientos* he allowed himself to argue to the contrary. How could he do otherwise? He was instructed by the Madrid authorities to proclaim and maintain this autonomistic policy, and was therefore obliged to do everything in his power to promote the instructions of his superiors.

During the two or three days of the recent rioting in Havana the rallying cry of the rioters, even at the very door of the palace, was: "Death to Blanco and Death to Autonomy! Long live Spain and long live Weyler!" After quiet had been restored, Blanco and the Autonomistic Cabinet continued to build their hopes upon autonomistic success. Partisans and friends of General Weyler were removed from the various positions they had held in the island, and friends of General Blanco, or supposed friends of autonomy, were substituted in their places. But these substitutes, appointed in many instances to please the Cubans and to show that an Autonomistic government meant a Cuban government, while pro-

fessing their love for autonomy, were really for Free Cuba, and at the proper time, had matters gone on without the intervention of America, the Autonomistic government would have fallen to pieces by desertions in its own ranks.

SPANISH PLAN TO BRIBE THE INSURGENTS.

The practical steps now being taken by the United States to compel peace in Cuba, by insisting that the Spanish flag shall be pulled down and the Spanish soldiers evacuate the island, alone prevented the certain failure of the autonomistic plan for so-called home government. The Spanish governmental authorities, as I have said, must have understood all this, in spite of public utterances on their part, because they originated and attempted to put in practice other plans for the pacification of the island. Large sums of money were to be offered to the leading chiefs of the insurrection as an inducement for them to abandon their colors, and in many cases their comrades, and leave the island. It was hoped that the purchase of their principal chieftains would so demoralize their followers that most of them would be induced to come within the Spanish lines and surrender. It seems, however, that the character, courage, fidelity and loyalty of these insurrectionary leaders had been misunderstood. With a few insignificant exceptions they not only remained steadfast and true to their cause and to their flag, but, under orders from their commander-in-chief, they put to death all Spanish messengers bearing such proposals.

Among these messengers was one whose character and qualities endeared him greatly to all those who knew him. Colonel Joaquin Ruiz was a gallant Spanish officer, a man of talent and ability, who at one time had in his charge the splendid system of works supplying the city of Havana with water. In his employ at the waterworks was the young insurgent chief Aranguren, who afterwards became very active and distinguished in

his operations immediately around Havana. Owing to this personal acquaintance, Ruiz was induced (though at the time a staff officer of General Blanco) to go to Aranguren's camp to persuade him and as many of his followers as possible to accept autonomy and lay down their arms. Without telling more than two or three persons where he was going and what he intended to do, Colonel Ruiz left Havana early one morning for the insurgent camp, reaching it a few hours thereafter. It seems, before taking that step, he had placed himself in communication with Aranguren and had stated his purpose of visiting him. But he was told by the latter officer that if he proposed to pay him a social visit or wanted to see him on any private matters he would be very glad to see him, but that if he desired to come to preach autonomy to him and his followers he must stay away. Notwithstanding this warning Ruiz paid the proposed visit; was met by Aranguren and a few of his men, to whom he at once began to preach the blessings of autonomistic rule, whereupon he was at once taken away and tried, I am told, by what we call a drum-head court-martial, and sentenced to death. A number of others in different parts of the island, bearers of similar propositions, met the same fate.

Reforms, autonomy and the purchase of the insurrectionary chiefs all having failed, it was next decided to offer an indefinite armistice to the insurgents—a proposition of course very humiliating to Spain; but necessity knowing no law, Blanco, in obedience to such instructions, published a proclamation stating that he had received such instructions from the queen, who had yielded to the request of His Holiness the Pope. In war a truce or armistice can only be made effective by the consent of both of the contending forces. The armistice granted by Blanco, therefore, not being accepted by the insurgents, has gone the way of all previous propositions looking towards the suppression of the insurrection in Cuba.

INTERVENTION A NECESSITY.

It may be stated, with perfect confidence, that at this time, when the United States has determined to tolerate no longer the horrible condition of affairs in an island lying close to her shores, the period was selected when every plan or purpose upon the part of the Spanish authorities at Madrid and Havana had signally failed to secure the blessings of peace, and intervention on her part could alone achieve the purpose. It is difficult to see how America could refrain longer from taking action in this Cuban problem. The civilized world had been shocked by the misery and starvation of a race who were formerly living under the most favorable conditions of climate and soil; and by the nature of the warfare waged against them the country had been so stirred up by the harrowing stories and pictures of the "recontrados" that its citizens were lavishly and liberally contributing money for the purchase of provisions and clothing for these poor, starving wretches. In great abundance this relief was finding its way, in spite of the many difficulties placed in its path by many of the Spanish authorities and citizens, who did not sympathize with, or desire to see any relief granted to, a race they considered as hostile; and the saddest feature in that dreadful famishing picture is the condition these poor people have to remain in until the government of the United States can replace the present flag with the pure white banner of peace.

Seventy-five years ago Thomas Jefferson declared that the addition of Cuba "to our Confederacy is exactly what is wanted to bound our power as a nation to the point of its utmost interest." From that day to this the island has disturbed our statesmen and played an important part in our foreign policy.

The United States, always greatly interested in the government of and general welfare of this wonderful island, has reached that period when it is absolutely necessary to her that Cuba should have a progressive, legal and

peaceful administration. The ties of commerce have been so strengthened, and the investments of her people there so increased, that she can no longer look on with indifference to the one or disregard the rights of the other. The geographical and strategical position of the island also appeals for a closer connection with the great American Republic. Anchored at the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, whose waters wash the shores of five American States; in position to protect the trade of the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio valleys; standing like a huge sentinel to watch over the proposed transit across Nicaragua; with shores indented with splendid harbors; with an ideal and unrivalled winter climate, and immense resources—Cuba, whether an Independent Republic or later Americanized and annexed to the United States, is destined at last to emerge from the dark shadows of the past, and stand side by side with those countries who have their place in the broad sunlight of peace, progress and prosperity.

FITZHUGH LEE, MAJOR GENERAL.
(*Late Consul-General of the United States in Cuba,*)

From The Edinburgh Review.
NOVELS OF AMERICAN LIFE.¹

Some years ago an article in this journal dealt with the rise of American fiction, from its obscure begin-

1. Democracy: An American Novel. London: 1882.
2. Pembroke. By Mary E. Wilkins. London: 1894.
3. Illumination. By Harold Frederic. London: 1897.
4. Patience Sparhawk. By Gertrude Atherton. London: 1897.
5. With the Procession. By Henry B. Fuller. New York: 1895.
6. The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. London: 1897.
7. The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. London: 1896.
8. The Little Regiment, and Other Stories. By Stephen Crane. London: 1897.
9. The Third Violet. By Stephen Crane. London: 1898.
10. Maggie. By Stephen Crane. London: 1896.
11. Gallegher, and Other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. London: 1891.
12. Meadow Grass. By Alice Brown. Boston 1896.
13. King Noanett. By R. J. Stimson. London: 1896.
14. The Scarlet Coat. By Clinton Ross. New York: 1896.
15. The Forge in the Forest: An Acadian Romance. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: 1896.

nings to the remarkable development which it received at the hands of Hawthorne and Poe; and, passing on from them, marked the tendency of American novelists to separate into two schools—one given up to a portraiture of character as it is discovered in the more domestic and trivial events and emotions; the other seeking to infuse into the realism, proper to the novel, a strong dash of romance. The former group drew mostly on New England for its direct transcripts from life; the second went for its subjects either to the Far West or the half-Latin, half-mulatto South. Mr. Cable, who stands at the head of those who describe the South, was sufficiently discussed in the former article. As for Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. W. D. Howells, they hardly need discussion. Mr. Bret Harte's stories of the Western life, at their best, rank among the world's masterpieces; the delicate and fastidious art of Mr. Howells has been admired, decried, ridiculed, eulogized, but always studied, till it has ended by compelling a tribute of widespread imitation. Even Mr. Bret Harte in these latter days has come under the spell, abandoning to inferior artists his own province of six-shooters, mining camps and gentlemanly ruffians, in order that he, too, might detail the innumerable futile reasons why a certain young man does not propose to a certain young woman, or why a certain young woman does not accept a certain young man. But he, like all the others, has totally failed to catch that gentle, pervasive, yet evasive, humor which never deserts Mr. Howells, except when he is vindicating the claims of some American writer to rank with Aeschylus and Homer. This humor is

10. Maggie. By Stephen Crane. London: 1896.
11. Gallegher, and Other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. London: 1891.
12. Meadow Grass. By Alice Brown. Boston 1896.
13. King Noanett. By R. J. Stimson. London: 1896.
14. The Scarlet Coat. By Clinton Ross. New York: 1896.
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the special distinction, the saving grace of Mr. Howells, and it enables him to cope successfully with the problem of naturalism, which he has set to himself in its severest form. He and his followers aspire to make the novel a record of commonplace or, at least, normal lives, in which nothing happens of obvious significance or interest. But in every life there comes a psychological crisis more or less obscurely realized; and the skill of Mr. Howells is employed in revealing the dramatic aspect of trivial occurrences—in showing how the most trifling cause working upon a particular temperament may produce a displacement of settled habits, settled beliefs and settled reverences, that in reality changes a nature deeper than a hard-fought duel; as, for instance, happened on the day when Silas Lapham, in sheer ignorance, took a glass or two of wine more than his head was equal to, and found in consequence that his whole conception of himself and the universe and his daughter's conception of him needed to be put on a new basis. To do this successfully, the novelist must give his reader a very complete insight into the whole life of a character; he must show it growing like a plant in a soil, the outcome of a definite environment, nourished from certain sources, accustomed to a certain temperature, warped or fostered by certain winds. Mr. Howells has confined himself to the most familiar subjects, to the life of the ordinary educated American, and, just by reason of this quality of humor, he has been able to dispense almost altogether with the stronger emotions. Other writers of the naturalist school, lacking this attractive quality, have made up for the absence of humor and the abstinence from incident by dealing at least in the violent passions, in depicting a less highly civilized humanity; or they have strengthened their hand by giving to their tale a background picturefully unfamiliar, in itself novel and interesting. The result has been an extraordinary concentration of intelligence upon the task of portraying, not

merely individual character, but the character of communities. No country in the world's history has ever offered a better chance for such works of art. In America you have a nation, in a sense homogeneous, yet spread over a whole continent, living—in the ranches of Colorado, in the villages of New England, in the plantations of Louisiana, in the mining camps of California, in the slums of San Francisco, in the stock exchange of Chicago, in the Capitol of Washington, and in the Bowery or Fifth Avenue of New York—lives which no more resemble each other in their external conditions than life in Mr. Barrie's *Thrums* resembles life in Paris or in the Balkan peninsula. Yet, under all these differences, Americans are Americans, conscious of a racial unity, and unconsciously presenting a racial type. So, naturally, you have novelist after novelist studying each of the innumerable groups, and rendering, as it were, their essence in a single personage or group of personages who typify the mass; and, not less naturally, a stranger is tempted to attack the whole subject in the spirit of one who treats works of art as documents. The main object of this essay is to indicate roughly how American writers use the art of fiction to portray the American character.

In a certain sense, then, all the writers whom we have to treat of belong to a single school; they are none of them romance-writers; none narrate incident—as, for instance, Stevenson and Mr. Kipling have done—simply for its own sake, but they use it as an occasion for the display of character; they are all of them, from Mr. Howells downward, realists or naturalists; they may see life in an individual way, but they try to paint exactly as they see it, with a scrupulosity that leads them even to over-emphasize petty details. But for convenience' sake one must classify, and the best way to divide them is according to subject. As with us, every success breeds imitators; if a man writes well of Chicago, there will be a crop of

Chicago novels; and so in some cases a subject means a school. But, upon the whole, our division must be arbitrary; lines of filiation are not easy to trace. Before proceeding further, however, it is necessary to justify one or two omissions. This article deals with novels of American life written by Americans. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is an Englishwoman, and for that reason we shall say nothing of "Through One Administration," an admirable novel, in which the characters have nothing distinctively American about them. The lady who calls herself John Oliver Hobbes is, we believe, an American, but she lives in England, and writes of English life; Mr. Marion Crawford lives in Italy and writes about the globe at large; and both of them rank with Mr. Henry James among the ornaments of American literature, but like him they must be ruled out at present. When Mr. James has written of Americans, they have been Americans in Europe—a well-marked and familiar type which he has handled with more than his accustomed deftness; but, for the purposes of our present subject, we are only concerned with the travelled American as he appears in America. One remark must, however, be added. Mr. James shows in all his work the influence of French models strong upon him, and everywhere sees his subject either from an English or from a Continental point of view. This is highly characteristic of the American school at present, which, talented as it is, seems to have lost a good deal of its originality, and much of its indigenous character. Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Howells and Mr. Cable owe no debts on this side of the Atlantic; Mr. Harold Frederic and Mr. Stephen Crane show traces at every turn of French or English masters in style, and Mr. Fuller, in his clever sketches of Chicago, always looks at the life which he describes from the detached standpoint of an European.

We proceed to our division by subject. There is just one American city which is a meeting ground for nearly

all the distinct types, and out of this medley acquires a collective character of its own. At the Capitol in Washington meet representatives of all the States: cultured Bostonians, roaring demagogues from Chicago and rough farmers from the West. About them swarm an indiscriminate crowd of financiers, lobby agents and office-seekers, while European ambassadors and attachés rub somewhat contemptuous shoulders with the crowd. Nobody—least of all an American—would assert that the centre of political life in America shows America at its best; but, for all that, it is profoundly representative of the country as a whole. Novelists do not seem drawn to it as a subject; indeed, the political novel is rare in all languages, probably because novelists are little in touch with politicians; but the life has been sketched once and for all by the hand of a master. "Democracy" was published about 1880, and has, like many another good book, been forgotten, probably because the secret of its authorship was never disclosed, and there have been no succeeding volumes from the same hand to keep alive the interest in it; but of all the novels which this article discusses, it is the most accomplished work of art. It is short, but packed with incident, character and brilliant comment. The story it tells is how a rich and beautiful young widow, Madeline Lee, being weary of her life in New York, came to Washington to study politics from the inside, in search of a man big enough and solid enough to cast a shadow. It tells how she arrived on the eve of a new President's entry upon office, and found the man she wanted in the person of Silas P. Ratcliffe, the "Prairie Giant of Peoria," and future Secretary to the Treasury; how she took in hand this big, uncouth politician, and beguiled him, meaning to study his soul as the man of science studies a frog under the scalpel; how she was immediately accepted as his Egeria, and beguiled in her turn by a carefully fostered belief that she was a power for good over a man who wielded power;

until finally the uncouth schemer, displaying as much adroitness in this courtship as he had ever shown in running a caucus, was on the very point of subduing his subjicator and marrying her in the teeth of her inclinations. From this fate Madeleine was only rescued by the chance that her other suitor, Carrington, a Virginian gentleman, of fortunes broken in the war, was in a position to prove to her in the last resort Ratcliffe's abysmal corruption; so, helped by a potent auxiliary, Madeline's delightful sister Sybil, he defeated the Prairie Giant. That is the plot of the novel itself; but incidentally we assist at the intrigues by which Ratcliffe defeats the intention of the new President to oust him and his followers from their share in the good things of administration. We trace the steps by which the farmer from Illinois, "Old Granite," the "Hoosier Quarryman," recedes from those professions of Spartan integrity with which he announced reforms, and ends, just like any other President, in allowing the indispensable Ratcliffe to find posts for the Peonian contingent, on condition that the President's own following fill their pockets to heart's content. Incidentally, also, scenes of the life are pictured with the utmost and most repulsive vividness; a reception at the White House, with the President and his wife standing like grim automata to shake the hands of a promiscuous and uninvited stream; a ball at the British Embassy; the private conclave of a party leader with his expectorating retinue. The character-types, too, are dexterously combined and grouped, so as to throw into relief and illustrate by contrast the principal figures. Foreigners set off the Americans; a chorus of young Russian and Italian attachés; Lord Skye, the British ambassador, urbane, but intolerant of the stray royalties whom all America flocks to view at his ball, and caustic upon American ideals; above all Baron Jacobi, the Bulgarian plenipotentiary, a cynical, quick-tongued old man, who has seen life in all capitals, and detests under-breed-

ing as much as he adores a pretty woman. For that reason he is the deadly foe of Ratcliffe's pretensions, and engages in continual duel with him before Mrs. Lee, making it his delight to elicit by the use of a French phrase, or the apt introduction of some well-known name, the unfathomed ignorance of the raw politician. He is not unsupported in his struggle; all the men of Mrs. Lee's circle are resolute, if they cannot win her, at least to save her. There is Carrington first; then Nathan Gore, the historian of Spanish America, who is refused the legation to Madrid because his coat was made in England and offends the Hoosier Quarryman; Senator French and one or two other honest politicians; and Mr. Schneidekoupon, the New York financier, who comes a-lobbying, but like the rest is overreached by Ratcliffe. Ratcliffe, indeed, is the master of them all; his one successful antagonist, the David to his Goliath, is Sybil, the pretty, frivolous girl whom he thought he might afford to despise. Otherwise the progress of his unabashed intriguing is irresistible. Gradually he familiarizes Madeleine with his standard of political honor, explaining that for really high aims you must work with whatever tools come handy; and, even in the last scene, where she finally shakes him off, he displays a consummate assurance in admitting his own dishonesty, that is significant of the most entire depravity—an inability to distinguish right from wrong. The figure is a creation; the man is big, he casts a shadow that there is no mistaking; and though the book is a satire—*Facit indignatio* might be written on the title-page—yet there is nothing exaggerated in his lineaments.

The style, too, is such as good writers employed before the modern fashion came in of plastering sentences thick with every attainable jargon. If it has a fault, it is a too great tendency to epigrams; but the epigrams are epigrammatic, and always intelligible. Perhaps it would be as well if the crack of the whip were less audible; but wit and the genuine satiric touch

are not qualities so common that we need quarrel with an author for excess in them. "Democracy," more is the pity, stands by itself. The example was not fruitful, and one is inclined to suspect that this incisive portraiture of American manners was not the work of an American. The ideals of the book are European, and characters are praised in proportion as they conform to old-world standards. Taking Baron Jacobi as a typical product of the Old World, set against Mr. Ratcliffe, who embodies the New, it is hard to conceive that any American should have thrown the sympathy so entirely on the side of the European reprobate; and this is, perhaps, why so brilliant a lead found no followers.

Very different is the case of Miss Mary Wilkins, who has founded a school closely comparable to that which Galt inaugurated in the early days of this century, and Mr. Barrie has revived and glorified with the humor, force and tenderness which he can lend even to his imitators. Miss Wilkins, however, is no one's imitator, though by a distant reflexion she sometimes recalls Hawthorne. She has studied her New England folk to the marrow of their bones, and she portrays them, as an artist should, unsparingly, yet lovingly; perhaps, in her artist's desire for unity of effect, insisting almost too much upon certain leading qualities. Yet the essential features of her New England folk are not merely local; one recognizes behind the New England farmer that hard foundation upon which is built up the most composite of all types—the modern American. Will and conscience are the qualities which dominate in her stories like passions; they run to tragic or grotesque excesses, as in other races love or the fighting instinct will do; they merge into one another, and the passion for self-assertion becomes only another form of dogged resolution in carrying out a purely individual conception of duty. The American people are above all Nonconformist; one feels that in Mr. Harold Frederic's merciless study of their re-

ligious phases; one feels it in Mr. Fuller's sketches of Chicago, with its riches won since yesterday, conscientiously endeavoring to invent social forms and adopt luxuries, yet ill at ease among them. The old Puritan breaks out in spite of deep carpets piled over him and butlers sitting on his head. One sees nonconformity even in Mr. Stephen Crane's sketches of American war, where every soldier in the ranks is a critic; but one sees it most of all in Miss Wilkins, and one realizes from her that New England is the true matrix of the American type. Americans may have got from elsewhere their versatility, their calculating power, and their passion for novelty; but they took from New England the quality which they themselves call grit. The stiff, long upper lip, the gaunt, angular outline, express accurately enough Miss Wilkins's characters; these are attributes neither lovely nor endearing, but they inevitably command respect, and the race which has them in the end succeeds inevitably. How should it not? When people are so "set"—it is the New England word—that a young man will sooner give up the girl he loves than go back upon a hasty word—when a father will sooner see his daughter live and die unmarried than speak a word of apology for a hot-tempered outbreak—this subordination of everything to an exaggerated self-esteem, this fetish worship of will, may be grotesque or tragic, but it is a terrible quality for an antagonist to possess, and it will make martyrs or heroes. Take the story of "Pembroke," the novel which in our judgment shows Miss Wilkins at her best; for, instead of presenting a single character or a single relation, it presents a complex of mutual interactions. It is, indeed, like several of her short stories blended into one; and the total result is to give a very curious and suggestive picture of the village community. You have here the story of Barney Thayer and of Charlotte Barnard, the story of William Berry and Rebecca Thayer, the story of Sylvia Crane and

Richard Alger, and the story of Deborah Thayer and her invalid son. All these interlock, more or less, or at least combine to illustrate each other; and the whole book is a study of rigidity in character. The central figure in the book is Deborah Thayer, a terrible she-Puritan, who domineers in her own house, thin-lipped, notable and unforgiving. And she has borne a son like herself—as “set” as she is. Barney Thayer is going to marry Charlotte Barnard; his new house is all but finished; and he goes for almost the last of many visits to court his sweetheart. But old Cephas Barnard is another of these unrelenting rulers, and he insists that Barney shall stay in the room with the rest; he provokes a discussion on politics, and the two men quarrel. The women try to keep the peace, but insults begin to fly. Cephas orders the young man out of the house, and bids him never darken the doors again. “I never will, by the Lord Almighty,” returned Barnabas in an awful voice; then the door slammed after him.” Charlotte pursues him, calling his name, but he never turns his head; then—for she is “set,” too, in her way—she waits for long hours outside the house, thinking her father will have locked her out, and too proud to try the door. Meanwhile her aunt Sylvy Crane, a tremulous, pretty old maid, is detained by this trouble, and so, for the first Sunday evening for years, her door is shut when Richard Alger comes to see her. For years he has been coming—for years the village has been asking, When will Richard Alger marry Sylvy Crane? For years she had been hoping and palpitating while youth faded, but his life had grown “set” in its mechanical continuance, and he had never been able to depart so far from his habits as to speak. So when she gets back late, and finds that Richard Alger has come and gone, she knows that this is the end. On the last evening he had got almost out of his track; for the first time in all those years he had come to sit by her on the sofa; he had half begun a declaration; but the clock struck

ten, and that was the invariable signal for his departure. So her absence on the next evening was an insuperable rebuff—he gave up coming.

Have these people blood in their veins at all? one asks one's self. Sometimes, it appears. Rebecca Thayer was in love with William Berry, whose father kept a grocery store, and a charming scene describes how the girl goes to make her purchases there, shy and half unwilling. Then comes the day when William's miserly old father authorizes his children to invite the neighborhood to a cherry party; and when the cherries are eaten the old man—it is a study of mania—comes to the guests asking payment for them. William Berry is nearly beside himself with shame, till Rebecca goes to him and throws her arms about his neck in a tumult of pity. She comes home late from her party, furtively radiant; but the terrible Deborah detects her. Deborah is furious because her son Barney has refused to go back and marry Charlotte; and now she deals straight with Rebecca: “You might jest as well understand it first as last; if you've got any idea of havin' William Berry, you've got to give it up.” No one in the house but Barney attempts to stand against Deborah Thayer. Rebecca pines and in time grows languid; her mother, in a fit of maternal promptings, seeks to console her with a new dress; peremptorily tries it on the girl; and the truth is out. She orders Rebecca out of the house in a snowstorm; then, after some hours, goes to Barney and bids him find William Berry and make him marry Rebecca. The marriage takes place in a wayside house, while the little minister's wife, who is brought along for a witness, shrinks and quails before this unimaginable wickedness. Mr. Barrie's “Auld Lichts,” stern as they are, are tolerant and human compared with these New Englanders. Marriage makes no atonement, and the girl pines, shut up by herself, unvisited, in a new house, and her child is born to her dead. Mrs. Thayer gives no sign of knowing that she exists, and no one

dares mention Rebecca to her. But Deborah is broken down at last by a blow on her one tender spot. Her youngest child, a boy, has a weak heart, and the doctors have told her what that means. So he is shut up, forbidden to play, and held in a leash, drenched with detestable medicines, but not beaten; and, like a true urchin, he knows his advantage and keeps his heart ready for an excuse. His only playmate is his father, and Caleb Thayer is seldom allowed to play with his boy. But one night the other boys are "coasting" on sleds, and late, when his parents are asleep, Ephraim steals out to join them. Only one boy is left, and he soon goes, but Ephraim spends a delirious night coasting down hills and tugging the sled up again. He steals home at last with his heart beating till it chokes him, but jubilant in his emancipation; and in the intoxication of the moment he steals half a mince pie. Next day his mother goes off, leaving him with messages and injunctions about paring apples. But Ephraim's heart trouble is serious now: he is feeling weak; and when his father comes in and tempts him to play "holly-gull" he consents, and so the day is wasted. Deborah returns home and elicits confession; Ephraim is too ill to be afraid when she orders him to follow her.

He and his mother stood together in the little bedroom. She, when she faced him, saw how ill he looked, but she steeled herself against that. She had seen him look as badly before; she was not to be daunted by that from her high purpose. For it was a high purpose to Deborah Thayer. She did not realize the part which her own human will had in it.

She lifted up her voice and spoke solemnly. Caleb, listening, all trembling, at the kitchen door, heard her.

"Ephraim," said his mother, "I have spared the rod with you all my life because you were sick. Your brother and your sister have both rebelled against the Lord and against me. You are all the child I have got left. You've got to mind me and do right. I ain't goin' to spare you any longer because you ain't well. It is better you should be sick than be well

and wicked and disobedient. It is better that your body should suffer than your immortal soul. Stand still."

Deborah raised her stick, and brought it down. She raised it again, but suddenly Ephraim made a strange noise and sunk away before it, down in a heap on the floor.

This rough analysis of the component parts shows sufficiently how Miss Wilkins conceives of will and conscience as they tyrannize among the Puritan villagers. The long struggle of Barney Thayer to shake off the fatal grip of his own stubbornness is vividly told, but it adds nothing to our point; and the curious piece of symbolism by which this kind of mental cramp is made to express itself in his body till the straight young man looks, to certain visions, bowed and twisted, is an ill-judged copying of Hawthorne. But Miss Wilkins has few failings in her sincere and genuine art. A strict limitation of range may be urged against her, but Miss Austen is liable to the same impeachment. We should rank her with Mrs. Gaskell—in our judgment no mean promotion. Her stories are old-maidish in temper—old-maidish even in the talk of her married women. An atmosphere of soap and water pervades her books, and the thing which most distresses one of her women, when she cannot marry the man of her heart, is to reflect upon the uncared-for state of his undergarments.

There is certainly nothing old-maidish about Mr. Harold Frederic, whose masterpiece, "Illumination," next falls to be considered. Yet "Illumination" is also a story of New England life, and, to revert to our purpose of treating these novels as documents, a necessary complement to Miss Wilkins. The stories that Miss Wilkins writes make one feel the uniformity of American character; her people are all variations upon a single well-marked type. Mr. Frederic shows by implication that she has simplified the problem for herself in taking merely the life of villages. He treats not, indeed, of a great city, but of a small out of

the world town in the backwoods—small enough for a clergyman's affairs to be a matter of general notoriety and interest, large enough to have a tramway and gaslight. Yet here, in the backwoods, you find that deep-rifted division which reaches through all American life, and the presence, side by side, of alien and incompatible races. The central figure of "Illumination" is a Nonconformist minister, the Reverend Theron Ware, and in his flock you recognize at once the hard-featured race whom Miss Wilkins presents, if not loveably, at least lovingly; but you recognize the unsparing portrait drawn by one who is intolerant of their intolerance. One recognizes, in short, the fundamental qualities which go to make up the American. But the qualities are presented with their defects in strong relief; frugality is seen as greed, strength of will as fanaticism, intelligence as cunning, and conscience as an abiding desire to interfere with a neighbor's conduct. Over against this mass of Nonconformity is set the hostile camp of Catholicism; over against the Yankee, the Irishman; and between these two forces, which are at work gradually modifying each other, the Reverend Theron Ware is torn in sunder. This is the story. It opens with an annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the important town of Tecumseh; the congregation are waiting to hear the list read out which announces the ministerial appointments for the year. For three Sundays past a competition of select preachers—to put the thing nakedly—had filled the church of Tecumseh, and the voice of Tecumseh was unanimous for the eloquent, earnest and saintly young man who had last addressed them—the Rev. Theron Ware. The list was a blow to Tecumseh, and to the Reverend Theron Ware, who found himself relegated to the obscure backwoods township of Octavius. However, he and his wife Alice are young; they are cheerful as well as earnest; and it is a May morning with the elms full of singing robins when the scene opens on them at Oc-

tavius. Mrs. Ware is remonstrating with the milkboy. But the milkboy explains that it is not by mistake that no milk has been delivered on the last two Sundays. "The thing of it's this," he explained. "Every new minister starts in saying we can deliver to this house on Sundays, an' then gives us notice to stop before the month's out. It's the trustees that does it."

From this episode Mr. Ware proceeds straight to an interview with the trustees; there are three, and they come to explain the financial situation—a debt of four thousand dollars on the church—and to screw down Mr. Ware about his allowances. The debt takes the form of three mortgages, held by the three trustees. Mr. Wares notes the fact that two of the mortgages bear interest at seven per cent, one at six.

"Oh, that's nothing," exclaimed Erastus Winch, with a boisterous display of jollity. "It's only Brother Gorringe's pleasant little way of making a contribution to our funds. You will notice that at the date of all these mortgages the State rate of interest was seven per cent. Since then it's been lowered to six. Well, when that happened, you see, Brother Gorringe, not bein' a professin' member, and so not bound by our rules, he could just as well as not let his interest down a cent. But Brother Pierce an' me, we talked it over, an' we made up our minds we were tied hand an' foot by our contract. You know how strong the Discipline lays it down that we must be bound to the letter of our agreements. That bein' so, we seen it in the light of duty not to change what we'd set our hands to. That's how it is, Brother Ware."

Mr. Wares comes away from the meeting with a sense that Mr. Gorringe, who is not a professing member, alone makes Octavius tolerable, and transmits to his wife the trustees' mandate; she is to take the roses out of her bonnet. The result is a trifling coldness between him and Alice. He goes out to walk, and reviews the situation—gloomily, because he is in debt and Octavius is unsympathetic. A bright idea, however, occurs to him. He will write a book—a book about

Abraham—which shall sell like Canon Farrar's “Life of Christ,” and justify him in purchasing a piano for Alice. As he revolves these thoughts, a procession meets him; an Irish laborer has fallen from a tree, and is being carried home dying. Instinctively Theron joins, and follows into Mr. MacEvoy's house. Presently a tall young woman comes in, with wonderful red hair and fashionable attire, pleasing to look at. She takes the command of the situation, and Theron explains his presence, apologetically, to her. While they speak, the priest, Father Forbes, enters to administer extreme unction, and Theron finds himself assisting at the rite, whose strange ceremonial, with the red-haired young woman leading the rest in declamation of the “Confiteor,” impressed him as no death-bed scene had ever done before. By a very subtle treatment of the episode Mr. Frederic contrives to suggest—first, the pictur-esque and charm of the Roman ritual; secondly, Theron Ware's virgin ignorance of all that is not taught in a Methodist seminary; and, lastly, the very sensuous and impressionable character of the young Methodist divine.

That is the beginning of his “Illumination,” or, if one takes the American title of the story, here begins “The Damnation of Theron Ware.” Theron and Alice are both of them perfectly ignorant; but there is this difference. She is simply destitute of impressions; he is a blank but highly sensitive plate. And his ignorance is of that abysmal kind which can only exist in the ignorant man who has been looked up to as a centre of culture. He has been trained in a seminary, he has been married in his first youth; he has never met any one who was not of his own way of thinking. Life has rippled past him continuously monotonous. Now for the first time he realizes that there is something in the world not wholly provided for by his mental outlook.

First of all he had to revise in part the arrangement of his notions about the

Irish. Save for an occasional isolated and taciturn figure among the nomadic portion of the hired help in the farm country, Thereon had scarcely ever spoken to a person of this curiously alien race before. He remembered now that there had been some dozen or more Irish families in Tyre quartered in the outskirts, among the rickyards, but he had never come in contact with any of them or given to their existence even a passing thought. So far as personal acquaintance went, the Irish had been to him only a name. But what a sinister and repellent name! His views on this general subject were merely those common to his communion and his environment. He took it for granted, for example, that in the large cities most of the poverty, and all the drunkenness, crime and political corruption, were due to the perverse qualities of this foreign people—qualities accentuated and emphasized in every evil direction by the baleful influence of a false and idolatrous religion.

This does not fit with the dignified apparition of Father Forbes, in his white and purple vestments, uttering sonorous Latin for the hearing of Heaven by MacEvoy's bedside. It does not fit at all with the picture of Celia Madden, the red-haired young lady, who proves to be the daughter of Jeremiah Madden, owner of the timber works and the biggest house in Octavius. And it is a slight shock to Theron when he returns to Alice and finds her deplored the fact that her washerwoman must be Irish, because she will certainly tell her priest that the Methodist minister had no piano in his house. Yet probably a day earlier Theron Ware would have shared in the view which Alice takes of the prying habits of Catholics and the uses of the confessional. But illumination has set in, and with it a tiny rift opens between husband and wife. When he falls to work next day upon Abraham, he is suddenly confronted by the fact that Abraham was a Chaldean; consequently, that to write of Abraham he must know something of the Chaldeans. It is the first illuminating flash into his own ignorance, and the only man who presents himself as a source of information is Father Forbes, who

has spoken a few illuminating words about the Chaldeans. So, without telling Alice, he goes to call upon Father Forbes, whom he finds at dinner with a friend, Doctor Ledsmar. And here the contrast between the two camps is decisively brought out. In the hall three or four downcast-looking parishioners are sitting. Up-stairs the priest sits over his admirable dinner, with fine linen, fine silver and choice wine. Theron Ware's parishioners do not wait in the hall for his convenience. Conversation only augments the surprise. Theron ingenuously propounds his difficulty, and it appears, as if providentially, that Doctor Ledsmar is an Assyriologist. This emboldens Theron to ask for any little personal details about Abraham and his sayings and doings—"little things which help, you know, to round out one's conception of the individual." The priest and the doctor exchange glances over his head; and Father Forbes explains gently that Abram is "not a person at all; he is a tribe, a sept, a clan." And so he produces for Theron, in an easy tone of conversation, the conclusions of German criticism, winding up with an allusion to this "Christ myth of ours." Then Father Forbes goes down "to get rid of those people in the hall," while Doctor Ledsmar expounds to Theron his conception of the Catholic Church. In short, here you have the young Methodist divine suddenly and at the same moment humbled by a sense of his own ignorance and confronted with representations of what may be called the extreme aristocratic view of religion: that a church is necessary for police purposes; that it is organized and administered by persons who attach at least no literal significance to its dogmas; that it contains two classes, the rulers and the ruled. This point of view is put to him by men whose moral ascendancy over him is secure in every way; who impress him, if only by the luxury of their surroundings; who have at easy command whole masses of learning with whose very existence he was not acquainted; and who are, moreover, incomparably

stronger in personality than this un-disciplined youth. On the top of these confusing experiences come the strains of an organ from the Catholic church just outside the windows; it is Celia Madden playing such music as Theron had never heard before. He says a dazed good-bye and goes out into the night, but the music draws him; and he, the representative of a raw sect, stumbles dizzily into a Church which is the repository of the culture of all the ages. But there is still another surprise in store for him; he walks home with Miss Celia Madden, who discusses Doctor Ledsmar, and he makes the astounding discovery that her aspiration is to be a Greek—to worship the beautiful and the strong. He goes home and tells Alice something of the field which Doctor Ledsmar has opened up to him—for he does not mention Celia—but Alice is narrow and unsympathetic, and warns him of the trustees.

So far nothing could be better done than this book, and so far the story is not unpleasant reading. From this onwards it becomes, on the whole, the most disagreeable study that we ever read, although, as regards the central figure, a masterpiece of psychology. But this initial presentment is excellent. Theron still in the blank-paper condition impresses everybody as pleasant. He is so earnest, so guileless, so enthusiastic for culture—a sort of spiritually minded Pinkerton. The picture of Methodism in Octavius is complete, and makes his natural recoil from it simple and credible; and the glimpse of a Catholic Irish community under the conditions of a new country will, we fancy, be a revelation to most Irishmen. In this country we do not naturally look to find the Irish priest a centre of intellectual culture; yet in America it is easy to see how his religion puts him at once into touch with a whole world that is opposed to the prevailing rawness of American life. It is curious, however, to contrast this picture with M. Paul Bourget's remarks upon the cold nakedness of American Catholic

churches and their lack of all artistic appeal. The priest is admirably drawn, so is Doctor Ledsmar, the disagreeable scientist, who keeps a Chinese servant that he may experiment on his power of resistance to opium. When we come to Celia criticism becomes hostile. Jeremiah Madden is a Galway peasant, his wife was a Galway peasant, and Celia's full brother Michael is a Galway peasant; Celia is no relation of theirs. Granted that she was away from them for years in a costly convent school, where she learnt how to dress, dance, paint, model, play, and acquired, broadly speaking, all culture down to the smoking of cigarettes; she would still present some lineaments of her family. She does not. But she is an American girl, recognizable as a near cousin of Patience Sparhawk and many other unattractive heroines. We do not know if Mr. Frederic meant to draw a prig, but he has drawn one; and the type recurs endlessly in these novels. A girl or boy goes away from home, acquires a culture that is not granted to the home circle, returns home, and takes upon herself or himself most intolerably on the strength of it. Celia has her quarter of the Maddens' house set apart for her and furnished after her designs. She treats her family with the profound contempt that is born of conscious superiority. This mad worship of a little knowledge, this willingness to constitute class distinctions even in the bosom of a family, seems to us the least attractive feature of American life. These young people take blandly the chances offered them as a right, and, having taken them, they accept the resulting separation as a natural and by no means deplorable consequence. The education which they get does not teach them how to behave, and Celia certainly behaves as badly as a young woman can do. Mr. Frederic suggests a touch of heartlessness in her at her first appearance, but the suggestion is dropped. He falls in love with her a little himself, it may be supposed, and, for a young woman to meet on fair terms, Celia

would no doubt be a bewitching young woman. But Theron Ware does not meet her on fair terms, and she knows it, and sets to work to turn his head regardless of consequences. There is, however, another and a potent factor which operates to his ruin. Theron is essentially an orator; everywhere he has made his mark as a preacher. But Octavius baffles him. The small and extremely Puritanical minority who by the virulence of their fanaticism rule the congregation are hostile to him, and these new yeasts that are being thrown into his mind unnerve him for the struggle. He can get no hold on the congregation, the quarterly conference is coming on, and he can think of nothing but Renan, which Doctor Ledsmar has sent him. He grows more and more moody, further and further away from Alice. Into this despondency comes a quickening element. The trustees have decided to employ two professional "debt-raisers," and Sister Soulsby comes down to take the matter in hand and stir up the lagging generosity of Octavius. She is a very remarkable person with remarkable eyes; ultimately Mr. Frederic makes her explain that she has been an actress with a variegated career, and that Brother Soulsby, her quiet, drab-colored husband, had been a gentleman living by his wits, "a regular bad old rooster." This is not the place to detail how Sister Soulsby works a revival meeting, and next day, getting the congregation together for a renewal of this spiritual delight, locks the doors and converts it into a debt-raising assembly, nor the trick by which she provokes generosity under false pretences. These are merely traits of American Methodism. The point is that, under the stimulus of her influence, Theron Ware at last preaches a sermon that takes away the breath of Octavius. His success as a preacher comes to him just as his faith in what he preaches is going, but the success is none the less intoxicating. As he sits down with his face bowed in his hands, and the sighing murmur

goes through the crowd, he whispers to his own heart, in the consciousness of his long-deferred triumph: "At last! the dogs!" But the faith is gone, and the revival meeting only fills him with disgust when the figures come waltzing up the aisle in a paroxysm of devotional frenzy to kneel at the rail, and the elders run round crying out exhortations—"Fix your soul on Jesus!" "O! blessed blood of Jesus!" To his illuminated mind the whose thing is barbarous and a degradation of humanity; and the sense of this grows sickening when Alice joins the "mourners." He talks it over with Sister Soulsby before she departs; she looks at the thing with the frank instinct of an actress. She explains that their Church must be worked by emotion, for it has dispensed with authority; it must do things that Catholics need not. She, for instance, sings them Chopin for hymn tunes, but the result is good—emotion. The Methodist minister, on her theory, is an actor, and must recognize that painted lath and paper has to be shown to the audience for what it is not. The thing is inevitable, and so why should he carry out his intention and retire from the ministry? There is no man so completely ruined as the unfrocked priest. In short, she utters the creed of a *cabotine*—of one who lives by assuming emotions to stimulate them in others, and who justifies herself by declaring that she does actually experience the emotions which she presents. Her personality is stronger than Theron's; he cannot deny her effectiveness or the practical virtue of herself and her husband; so he lets himself be persuaded, and enters upon his course of *cabotinage*. From that moment he has no difficulty with his audience, his worldly success is established, and his moral ruin consummated. For the people whom he sways from the pulpit, with dexterous touch on their emotions, he has the scorn natural to the wielder of power; he has, moreover, in a double dose, that intellectual arrogance which seems inevitable when culture is administered to the raw American.

With less culture than Celia owns to give a solidity to his opinions, he becomes as disdainful as she of whoever does not share this new emancipation, and naturally he grows intolerable to all the people, who liked his frank, unassuming ignorance. So far, however, as his congregation was concerned, there was nothing to impede his career. He neglected his wife and made her unhappy, with a natural contempt for her weak intellect, no mate for his illumination; but that would not hinder his advancement. It was the interference of a mischievous young woman that brought about the crash. Celia Madden saw plainly enough what was going on in his mind, and promised herself amusement out of the transformation. Accordingly, she invited him up to her rooms—to which she had a private entrance—late one night, and there set him down among elaborate divans and elaborately sensuous schemes of color, setting off the beauty of naked statues—things which Theron only knew by hearsay. There, also, she played to him sensuous melodies of Chopin, and for a final effect retired to her room and reappeared with her hair down her back and clad in clinging draperies. This is trying any man pretty high, and this particular man beyond reason. However, she had him well in hand, and dismissed him by a yawn, leaving herself free to pirouette in front of the Melian Venus. We do not condone the conduct of Mr. Ware in subjecting himself to such temptations, but Mr. Frederic has no right to condone the young lady's conduct as he undoubtedly tends to do. So things take their course. Theron marches over from a camp meeting of the Methodists—an extraordinary form of spiritual picnic described with Mr. Frederic's usual power—to the outing of the Catholics from Octavius, where there are swings, dancing and beer booths in place of prayer meetings, and there he meets Celia. After a singular interview, in which he has complained of his wife's inadequacy as a companion, and glorified his own illumination, she propounds to him her in-

tention of living a free life, unfettered by man, but certainly not without love, and concludes the interview by allowing him to kiss her. Naturally enough Theron Ware, being inexperienced, and where his vanity is concerned obstinate, goes away convinced that she loves him, and thinks of nothing but his passion. Yet passion does not develop in him any of its more generous phases. One is half inclined to think that Mr. Frederic represents some of Theron's conduct as mere ignorance. He catechises Doctor Ledsmar as to Celia's relations with Father Forbes, and in sheer cowardice is anxious to prove to himself that Celia is the priest's mistress. He suspects Levi Gorringe of designs on his wife, and is almost anxious to procure his liberation by extorting an avowal from one or other of them. He allows Celia to pay for his wife's piano, and finds a great solace in the prospect that to her love will be added a blessed banking account, the solution of all difficulties. Finally, he follows Celia and Father Forbes to New York, spying upon them secretly, then waits till Father Forbes's back is turned to call upon Celia, having incidentally gone off with the collection money from his church. In the interview at the hotel Celia rounds upon him with all the arrogance of a superior moral standpoint. She tells him that he has the mind of a nasty little boy, that he has made himself in every way contemptible; in short, she uses her strength as a woman, and a woman for whom he is infatuated, to drive the man into a mere agony and madness of shame. Apparently Mr. Frederic thinks it quite fitting and natural that she should do this, for he never hints at any remorse in her, or at any alteration in the regard felt for her by her friends. The scene lacks all justice of presentment, and the reader has inevitably that harassing sense of seeing the whole position from a standpoint irreconcilable with the author's. However, it is characteristic of this amazing scheme of intellectual class distinctions that the pretender to a

class above his own should be hurled out with every possible contumely. Theron reappears at Sister Soulsby's house, after a crazy debauch of two days; she, at least, has human pity on him—for Sister Soulsby is the one loveable person in the book—and nurses him through his fever. Months later we see him for the last time preparing for a start to some employ in the Far West. The ministry is shaken off, but there is a confident light in his eyes; for he has a vision of political platforms and upturned faces of men that will thrill and leap into shouting at the voice of an orator. Some day he will return—a senator.

That is, we take it, intended to emphasize the main thesis of the book; that to live by playing on the emotions, as an actor or an orator does, is always dangerous, and doubly so when religion is the instrument. Some grain of the *cabotin*—some temptation to assume more emotion than is truly sincere or spontaneous—must lurk in almost every orator; Theron Ware, having lost his convictions, still keeps the temperament of the *cabotin*, and the desire to thrill and be thrilled. One cannot say that the subject is not a legitimate one for art, but this corruption of a temperament sincerely religious, by those very elements in it which seemed to fit it specially for the service of religion, cannot be a pleasant thing to read of.

"Illumination" is in our judgment a great novel, though inconsistent in its presentation of the principal woman's character; but not a book that is good reading for the average ignorant young man or young woman, such as were Celia Madden and Theron in their teens. We have dwelt upon it at great length because it seems the strongest American novel of recent years and the most fully representative. It was not to be expected that the novel of pure analysis would go on forever being the drawing-room production to which Mr. Howells accustomed us. Men and women naturally demanded some stronger meat than his elaboration of fine-spun quarrels

over a look or an intonation. The American novel has eschewed romance and incident, and, to excite or even to interest continuously, it must take the study of those emotions which move man and woman most profoundly. The pages of Mr. Howells suggest no possibility of sexual irregularities; they even suggest strongly that with the great American race no such thing is conceivable. Mr. Harold Frederic makes his plot hinge upon an unpermitted flirtation, but still motives keep their normal proportions. But one of the very latest and most popular American novelists, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, gives to love-making, and more particularly to irregular love-making, an overwhelming place in the business of life. "Patience Sparhawk" is a book written with considerable animation; it gives indisputably a vivid picture of the life led by a young girl living with a drunken, disreputable mother on a ranch in California. It is perhaps unconventional to introduce your heroine as hating her mother and trying to kill her in a fit of passion, but given the provocation one may admit the truth of the psychology. The mother is got out of the way, and Patience comes up to New York, where a home is found for her with two old ladies given to good works. The old ladies are sketched with considerable humor, and this part of the book is pleasant reading. Death, however, breaks up the circle, and Patience is left with a small fortune. Two alternatives are before her. She may claim the promise made to her by the editor of a New York daily—"a man for whom the term 'brainy' might have been specially invented"—and became a journalist; or she may marry. Her old lady has a niece, Miss Hal Peele, a fast young lady belonging to a body called the Four Hundred, in New York, who seem to take their separate and superior existence very seriously; Miss Peele has a brother, Beverley Peele, beautiful and imbecile, or endowed with just the amount of sense to be a criminal in a less fortunate station. He sees Patience and comes

over to woo her. The courtship is interrupted^{*} by a servant, or it would have apparently run to its conclusion upon the lines followed by primitive man. After this experience Patience analyzes her emotions, or rather her physical sensations, with a frankness that is nothing short of indecent, and shortly after she marries the gentleman. This is merely one of several similar incidents, but the others are treated with less detail. After a brief career as a New York "fashionette"—is the word part of Mrs. Atherton's own singular dialect, we wonder, or is it popularly used by the Four Hundred?—Patience becomes a lady journalist. It would appear that the highest function of a lady journalist in America is to act as a sort of amateur detective, and obtain early intelligence of as yet undeveloped divorce cases. There is naturally a flirtation with a newspaper man, but the grand passion of the book is for the advocate who procures her reprieve from a sentence to electrocution—in a marvellously melodramatic scene—and who at an earlier point in the story has told her at a dinner-party that she is "a harlot" because she married her husband. Decidedly we have come a long way from the discretion of Mr. Howells. But the main point is that Patience is a prig, like Celia and the rest of them. The same intellectual intoxication produced by a very small draught of culture breeds the same sense of elevation to a higher plane, and the same contemptuous pity for the less illuminated. Illumination seems working over the whole continent of America very much as it worked in the respective instances of Mr. Ware and Miss Madden. Patience Sparhawk, disagreeable as she is, does not fail to be convincing; we believe in her firmly, though we wish we did not. She is a creature who has stuffed her brain with all the latest jargons, as infatuated with her supposed monopoly of intellectual novelties as was the traditional Yankee of twenty years back with his supremacy in mechanical appliances; and she has the profoundest

distaste for everything that falls short of her own standard. She visits the poor with a sense of disgust. "It was her private opinion that these useless creatures, with only the animal instinct to live, and not an ounce of grey matter in their skulls, encumbered the earth and should be quickly chloroformed." Then, presumably, they would leave the world free for "brainy" people who can write like this of the effect produced by a first reading of Byron:—

Her eyes expanded and filled with a wholly new light. She might be unlettered in woman's wisdom, but the transcendent passion, the pounding vitality of the poet, carried straight to intuition. The insidious elixir drifted into the crystal stream. That incomparable objectivity sang the songs of songs as distinctly to her brain as had it (*sic*) gathered the sounds of life for twenty years.

We have devoted so much space to Mrs. Atherton not only because she has been a success even with some educated people, but because she presents in a kind of caricature the same tendencies in American nature which other novelists indicate with less glaring colors. For instance, in Mr. Fuller's very clever study of Chicago, "With the Procession," there is much the same schism in family life. David Marshall has amassed his million by keeping a grocery store; but he is a man who has made no stir in the town, no splash. Now his family are grown up, and they resent their exclusion from the aristocracy of Chicago. Three of them live at home; a son just back from touring in Europe, a dabbler in the fine arts, who turns up his nose at the rawness of everything about him, and is adored by his sisters for the perfection of his style. Even to his father, who keeps the bank account, he is tolerably contemptuous. The younger girl is pretty, and comes out bent on success; and to her own success everything has to give way. The notion of consulting her parents' wishes never enters her mind; what she has to do is perfectly

well defined—to avoid at all costs any resemblance to them—to shake off entirely the chrysalis of her infancy. She knows her Debrett by heart, just as her brother knew all the clubs in Piccadilly before ever he set foot on an ocean steamer. Still she is designedly represented as disagreeable. Her elder sister, who has brains and a heart, and finds both a good deal in her way, is an attractive person, but she is in the same way caught with the sparkle of novelty. It is the year before the great Chicago Exhibition, and all the millionaires are giving tangible proof of their success by magnificent and ostentatious public benefactions. It worries Jane that her father should be so poor-spirited and backward as to take no lead in public business. David Marshall would sooner sit down and spend his money in a grim fight to get justice from a rascally opponent who has a "pull" in the local courts. But all his friends discourage him. "Why touch pitch?" they say. "Of course, if you try to get execution of a writ upon some of the Polish community, your carriage will be destroyed and your coachman assaulted by hired blackguards. What is more natural? You arrest the offenders, they give the name of their local senator for bail, he signs cheerfully, they fail to appear, you look up the bail bond and find that the senator has appended his name to a blank sheet of paper. What else did you expect?" None of Marshall's friends can see that to make a hard fight for justice is more profitable to the town than to endow libraries. What they are clear about is that he will have nothing to show for his money; and that is what everybody wants. Mrs. Bates, David Marshall's old flame and Jane's friend, has a house whose glories rival Solomon's Temple; but she lives her real life in two little rooms hidden away at the back, and furnished with ugly old carpets and papers like those familiar to her infancy. Yet Mrs. Bates is not a snob at all, but a very charming woman; she merely has the misfortune of liv-

ing in a society which has not been able to assimilate all that is poured into it, in the way of ideas as well as of money. She knows that she ought to have certain ideas as well as certain furniture and upholstery; and her life goes in a pathetic struggle to live up to both of them. We wish there were space to dwell on the details of Mr. Fuller's book; it is an odd document and describes the evolution of a whole social code. The aristocracy of Chicago plainly desire to be European in their culture; but in the meantime they have invented a number of conventions, not really more curious than our own, but much more rigid and quite different. The ceremony, for instance, of a young girl's coming out takes place at an afternoon function, and its success depends upon getting precisely the right ladies "to pour tea" on the occasion "*With the Procession*," is a book that has geniality, humor and close observation (and the "*Cliff Dwellers*," by the same author, is said to be even better). But here also, as in "*Illumination*," one is oddly conscious that the American novelist is looking at his countrypeople from the outside, almost with a sympathetic alien's tolerance for their little foibles.

So far we have written about novels dealing with contemporary American life, all of them, except "*Democracy*," working on the lines of close naturalistic study, and little relieved by incident. The melodramatic finish to "*Patience Sparhawk*" is an exception; but whatever literary value that work possesses rests on its energy in depicting a somewhat lurid view of society in California and New York. No study of the American novel would be passable without a reference to the great number of historical novels which have begun to appear. Some of them—for instance, "*King Noanett*," by Mr. Stimson, or the "*Forge in the Forest*," by Mr. Roberts—are merely the traditional, picturesque romance, and only of importance as showing that Americans are becoming alive to the interest of their remoter past, that the period of early settlement is fall-

ing into historic focus. A book of this sort which deserves special mention is the "*Scarlet Coat*," by Clinton Ross, a study of Lafayette's campaign ending in Cornwallis's surrender. Its account of the siege of Yorktown gives a strong and genuine impression of war, and a very curious and interesting figure is the wealthy Virginian gentleman who deliberately plays fast and loose with both sides till he can decide with certainty, but for all this compromising conduct behaves like a gentleman. One novel, however, stands out so strongly from this whole class that we do not care to write of the others. "*The Choir Invisible*," by Mr. James Lane Allen, may be best described as a beautiful work. Its story-telling of the honorable passion that sprang up between a man and a married woman—is fine in its way; but the true interest lies in the background, against which the figures move. The story passes in the days when Kentucky had been fairly occupied; but all the men and women of the story remember a time when Indians were still a haunting terror by day and night, and children might not stray from the door lest a clump of bushes should conceal an enemy. One feels the meeting of civilization with the primeval forest; the pioneers have driven out wild man and wild beast from their fastnesses, and they have now only the forest itself to struggle with. Already the homelike charm is over their log huts, peace broods in the slow-rising smoke wreaths; yet all about is the beauty of wilderness. It is in a singular style that Mr. Allen sets out his pictures—singular, deliberate, perhaps overladen with a too obvious pomp of epithet—but it suggests no less a master than Chateaubriand. And beside this power to reconstruct a beauty that exists no longer, he has the faculty of historic evocations. Mrs. Falconer, his heroine, is a truly interesting figure and novel in literature; the daintily bred woman whose youth was spent in a great house of Virginia, whence her father sent home to England yearly his bales of tobacco:

a house inherited from many forefathers; a house built after the English pattern, with lawns and terraced gardens such as England knows; a house whence her brothers went to England for their schooling. In this great house she had been brought up to wear silks and brocades; she had spent her winters in Boston, and danced with English officers; she had lived the life that a great lady lives in the old countries. Then came the war and a house divided against itself, her father fighting for the king, her brother for the Republic; war, and with the war death of her kinsmen and ruin for herself. So it came about that she had married Major Falconer, who had fought for the Republic, and been paid with a grant of lands in Kentucky—lands that needed to be fought for not only once, but held against an unrelenting enemy; and this figure of a high-bred lady, keeping her refinement as her hands keep their fine shape, but hardened and worn like them with a labor to which she was never trained, is such a portrait as few countries have a place for in their history, and few men could have drawn with so much grace. The book is a real effort of the creative imagination, a real addition to the literature of its country, and one which should serve as a fruitful and permanent example.

Harmony and suavity of style such as Mr. Allen aims at are qualities alien to the genius of Mr. Stephen Crane, whom we have kept for the last place; but Mr. Crane merits consideration precisely as a stylist. He made his mark, by universal acclamation, three or four years back, with the "Red Badge of Courage," written when he was twenty-one. This book is an elaborate study of the psychological experiences undergone by a recruit. It has value not as a record, but as a *tour de force* of the imagination, for Mr. Crane had never seen war; so it is not surprising that many soldiers dissent from his theory of the emotions of combat. According to Mr. Crane, everything passes in a red

haze; men advance or retreat as if in a lurid dream; they are something quite different from their everyday selves. A very clever man, who has seen no lack of fighting, Colonel Baden-Powell, comments, in a record of South African war, upon this theory, read by him somewhere out in the veldt. Man, upon his view, goes into action very much as he goes into a game of football; he is simply more alert, more high-strung, more completely alive, though, in consequence of the tension, subject to fits of blind fury. It must, however, be said that Mr. Crane in his story does not generalize; he takes a single type and individual emotions. Still we have the misfortune not to find credible the processes by which the recruit is coward one day and hero the next; as a psychological document, his book appears to us valueless. But there is no doubt that certain impressions of war detach themselves strongly in his work: the blind actions of men, moved by masses, they know not where or why; their total ignorance of whatever lies beyond eyeshot or earshot, the uncertainty as to whether the various movements spell victory or defeat. And certain scenes—the rush across an open against a wood set thick with riflemen, or the sudden coming upon a corpse in a thicket—present themselves to the senses as vividly as in life. That is, of course, Mr. Crane's object, to stimulate sense-perceptions by the use of words. The thing done is very clever, but is it agreeable? He wants, in the first place, to get an impression of confused masses of men weltering through a forest amid a deafening noise; and words are heaped on words to render this, till one feels as if one had been beaten about the head with epithets. Every device is used to quicken the jaded faculty of image-making; words are violently flung together in fanciful collocations and outlandish metaphors; you read of red shouts and green smells, flags "shaking with laughter," and cannon talking to each other, "slightly casual, unexpected in their challenges and warn-

ings." Men speak, not language, but half-articulate yelps, barely recognizable in their distorted spelling for words. One reads, one thinks how clever it is, and one puts away the book with a sense of relief, feeling as if one had been seeing a curious gymnastic contortion or feat of strength. It is so evident that here is a man straining every nerve to get a certain result, not so much trying to make his readers see as trying to force his own imagination into seeing. Here, for instance, is a picture from "The Little Regiment," Mr. Crane's volume of short studies of war—a better book than "The Red Badge," to our thinking:

In one mystic changing of the fog as if the fingers of spirits were drawing aside these draperies, a small group of the grey skirmishers, silent, statuesque, were suddenly disclosed to Dan and those about him. So vivid and near were they that there was something uncanny in the revelation. There might have been a second of mutual wonder. Then each rifle in the group was at the shoulder. As Dan's glance flashed along the barrel of his weapon, the figure of a man suddenly loomed as if the musket had been a telescope. The short black beard, the slouch hat, the pose of the man as he sighted to shoot, made a quick picture in Dan's mind. The same moment, it would seem, he pulled his own trigger, and the man, smitten, lurched forward, while his exploding rifle made a slanting crimson streak in the air, and the slouch hat fell before the body. The billows of the fog, governed by singular impulses, rolled in between.

"You got that feller sure enough," said a comrade to Dan. Dan looked at him absent-mindedly.

If a man were in a fight, would he be thinking of shapes and colors like this? Does a man in a football match have similar impressions? Dan, be it observed, is a veteran; the recruit may have naturally such a confusion of ideas as would be in the mind of a young foreigner put into a side of Rugby football and told to play without knowing the rules. Mr. Crane's description of war does not convince

like Mr. Kipling's, in so far as it describes the emotions; it shows entirely false beside what we should take for the touchstone in these matters—Sir Charles Napier's account of his experiences at Corunna. In so far as it aims at rendering external impressions of sight, it seems to us radically bad art, because it tries to do with words what should be done with lines and colors. It may be confidently said that no one unacquainted with the methods of modern impressionist art on canvas will see the pictures that Mr. Crane is trying to convey; and those who are acquainted with them will see that he sees the thing not directly, but, as it were, translated into paint.

Mr. Crane is too young to have written a good novel, and "The Third Violet," his only attempt at the ordinary story of familiar life, is simply amazing in its futility. But he has written a short study of New York slums which may compare with Mr. Arthur Morrison's Jago sketches and Mr. Maugham's "Liza of Lambeth." "Maggie" appears with a prefatory commendation from Mr. Howells. We have no objection to stories of slum life; Mr. R. H. Davies's "Gallegher" is a wonderful and attractive picture of the New York street-arab. But "Maggie" does not seem to us to justify its existence. Given a drunken father, a drunken mother, and their children, a pretty girl and a boy, stunted but as brave as a weasel; this is very likely how the lives will shape themselves. Tragic pathos there certainly is in the girl's devotion to her swaggering lover, a fighting bar-tender, who deserts her without the shadow of compunction. But it seems as if one needed more than this to repay one for wading through such a mass of revolting details—street fights of little boys, fights of grown men in bars, scenes in dirty beer saloons, and everywhere the dialect of the Bowery, which, as Mr. Crane writes it, is the most hideous representation of human speech that we have ever met with. One may read a book like this as a tract, to keep one alive to the misery existent

somewhere in the world; but we can conceive no other motive for reading it. As a work of art we disbelieve in it. Take Mr. Maugham's "Liza," a work equally unsparing and in some ways more revolting; here you have at least credible human beings, with natural affections. In Mr. Crane's book Maggie's passion for Pete is the one trace of human coherence; there is no other tie between any two of the characters. It is an impression; that is to say, a study made to emphasize certain traits; and an impression of sheer brutality. The admiration for work of this sort savors of the latest modern cant, which preaches that to see things artistically you must see them disagreeably. Mr. Crane has seen a piece of life in a hard, superficial way, and rendered it in the spirit of a caricaturist. That is the true formula for producing what, in the cant of the day, is called uncompromising realism.

Mr. Crane, however, stands by himself, and we trust that with advancing maturity he may slough this crude and violent mannerism, alien to all the old traditions of delicacy and reserve whether in style or subject. He has too much talent to be wasted in a wild-goose chase after the ideal of gentlemen in France who write sonnets describing the colors of different vowels. For the present he alone among the writers we have dealt with affords us no human document; his folk in the Bowery have neither country nor class; all he offers is a distorted psychology of combat and an exaggerated theory of style. Yet it is of the essence of talent to go wrong at first and to run into mannerisms. We set Mr. Crane's promise beside the performance of Mr. Frederic, Mr. Allen and Miss Wilkins as the best that modern American literature has to show. And there is no want of other names: Mr. R. Harding Davis, whom we have been obliged to dismiss too summarily; Miss Alice Brown, whose "Meadow Grass" is an admirable piece of discipleship in the school of Miss Wilkins; Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, who

is said by Southerners to give a truer portraiture of the South than Mr. Cable; Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose "Little Norsk" and other stories convey a wonderful sense of the isolation of human life in the wide snow-swept prairies; and Mr. F. T. Clark, who in "The Mistress of the Ranch" combines an exciting plot and extremely picturesque setting with one of the best character studies we have read for a long time. Altogether, the school of American novelists actually existing is rich in widely varied excellence of manner and widely varied range of interest. It is essentially conscientious in its workmanship and serious, even scientific, in aim; upon the whole, a body of literature which is not marked out by any commanding achievement, but which, by its high average of power and vitality, might do honor to any age and any country.

JOHN SPLENDID.¹THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN AND THE
LITTLE WARS OF LORN.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY LADY AND THE CHILD.

I woke with a shiver at the hour before dawn, that strange hour when the bird turns on the bough to change his dream, when the wild-cat puts out his tongue to taste the air and curls more warmly into his own fur, when the leaf of the willows gives a tremor in the most airless morning. M'Iver breathed heavily beside me, rolled in his plaid to the very eyes; but the dumb cry of the day in travail called him, too, out of the chamber of sleep, and he turned on his back with a snatch of a soldier's drill on his lips, but without opening his eyes.

We were on the edge of a glade of the wood, at the watershed of a small burn that tinkled among its ice along the ridge from Tombreck, dividing close beside us, half of it going to Shira Glen

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and half to Aora. The tall trees stood over us like sentinels, coated with snow in every bough; a cool, crisp air fanned me, with a hint in it, somehow, of a smouldering wood-fire. And I heard close at hand the call of an owl, as like the whimper of a child as ever howlet's vesper mocked. Then to my other side, my plaid closer about me, and to my dreaming anew.

It was the same whimper waked me a second time, now too prolonged to be an owl's complaint, and I sat upright to listen. It was now daybreak. A faint grey light brooded among the tree-tops.

"John! John!" I said in my companion's ear, shaking his shoulder.

He stood to his feet in a blink, wide awake, fumbling at his sword-belt as a man at hurried wakings on foreign shores.

"What is it?" he asked, in a whisper.

I had no need to answer him, for anew the child's cry rose in the wood—sharp, petulant, hungry. It came from a thick clump of undergrowth to the left of our night's lodging, not sixty yards away, and in the half-light of the morning had something of the eerie about it.

John Splendid crossed himself ere he had mind of his present creed, and "God sain us!" he whispered; "have we here banshee or warlock?"

"I'll warrant we have no more than what we seek," said I, with a more joyous heart, putting my tartan about me more orderly, and running a hand through my hair.

"I've heard of unco uncanny things assume a wean's cry in a wood," said he, very dubious in his aspect.

I laughed at him, and "Come away, 'ille," I said; "here's the provost's daughter." And I was hurrying in the direction of the cry.

M'Iver put a hand on my shoulder.

"Canny, man, canny; would ye enter a lady's chamber (even the glade of the wood) without tirling at the pin?"

We stopped, and I softly sounded my curlew-call—once, twice, thrice.

The echo of the third time had not ceased on the hill when out stepped Betty. She looked miraculous tall and thin in the haze of the dawn, with the

aspiring firs behind her, pallid at the face, wearied in her carriage, and torn at her kirtle by whin or thorn. The child clung at her coats, a ruddy brat, with astonishment stilling its whimper.

For a little the girl half misdoubted us, for the wood behind us and the still sombre west left us in a shadow, and there was a tremor in her voice as she challenged in English:—

"Is that you, Erligmore?"

I went forward at a bound, in a stupid rapture that madè her shrink in alarm; but M'Iver lingered in the rear, with more discretion than my relations to the girl gave occasion for.

"Friends! oh, am not I glad to see you?" she said simply, her wan face lighting up. Then she sat down on a hillock and wept in her hands. I gave her awkward comfort, my wits for once failing me, my mind in a confusion, my hands, to my own sense, seeming large, coarse, and in the way. Yet to have a finger on her shoulder was a thrill to the heart, to venture a hand on her hair was a passionate indulgence.

The bairn joined in her tears till M'Iver took it in his arms. He had a way with little ones that had much of magic in it, and soon this one was nestling to his breast with its sobs sinking, an arm round his neck.

More at the pair of them than at me did Betty look with interest when her tears were concluded.

"Amn't I like myself this morning?" asked John, jocularly, dandling the bairn in his arms.

Betty turned away without a reply, and when the child was put down and ran to her, she scarcely glanced on it, but took it by the hand and made to go before us, through the underwood she had come from.

"Here's my home, gentlemen," she said, "like the castle of Colin Dubh, with the highest ceiling in the world and the stars for candles."

We might have passed it a score of times in broad daylight and never guessed its secret. It was the bieldy side of the hill. Two fir-trees had fallen at some time in the common fashion of wind-blown pines, with

their roots clean out of the earth, and raised up, so that coming together at two edges they made two sides of a triangle. To add to its efficiency as a hiding-place, some young firs grew at the open third side of the triangle.

In this confined little space (secure enough from any hurried search) there was still a *greasach*, as we call it, the ember of a fire that the girl had kindled with a spark from a flint the night before, to warm the child, and she had kept it at the lowest extremity short of letting it die out altogether, lest it should reveal her whereabouts to any searchers in the wood.

We told her our story and she told us hers. She had fled on the morning of the attack, in the direction of the castle; but found her way cut off by a wing of the enemy, a number of whom chased her as she ran with the child on her back up the river-side to the Cairnbaan, where she eluded her pursuers among his lordship's shrubberies, and found a road to the wood. For a week she found shelter and food in a cowherd's abandoned bothy among the alders of Tarradubh; then hunger sent her travelling again, and she reached Leacainn Mhor, where she shared the cotter's house with a widow woman who went out to the burn with a kailpot and returned no more, for the tardy bullet found her. The murderers were ransacking the house when Betty and the child were escaping through the byre. This place of concealment in Strongara she sought by the advice of a Glencoe man well up in years, who came on her suddenly, and, touched by her predicament, told her he and his friends had so well beaten that place, it was likely to escape further search.

"And so I am here with my charge," said the girl, affecting a gayety it were hard for her to feel. "I could be almost happy and content, if I were assured my father and mother were safe, and the rest of my kinsfolk."

"There's but one of them in all the countryside," I said. "Young MacLachlan, and he's on Dunchuach."

To my critical scanning her cheek gave no flag.

"Oh, my cousin!" she said. "I am pleased that he is safe, though I would sooner hear he was in Cowal than in Campbell country."

"He's honored in your interest, madam," I could not refrain from saying, my attempt at railery I fear a rather forlorn one.

She flushed at this, but said never a word, only biting her nether lip and fondling the child.

I think we put together a cautious little fire and cooked some oats from my *dorlach*, though the ecstasy of the meeting with the girl left me no great recollection of all that happened. But in a quiet part of the afternoon we sat snugly in our triangle of fir roots and discoursed of trifles that had no reasonable relation to our precarious state. Betty had almost an easy heart, the child slept on my comrade's plaid, and I was content to be in her company and hear the little turns and accents of her voice, and watch the light come and go in her face, and the smile hover, a little wae, on her lips at some pleasant tale of M'Iver's.

"How came you round about these parts?" she asked—for our brief account of our doings held no explanation of our presence in the wood of Strongara.

"Ask himself there," said John, cocking a thumb over his shoulder at me; "I have the poorest of scents on the track of a woman."

Betty turned to me with less interest in the question than she had shown when she addressed it first to my friend.

I told her what the Glencoe man had told the parson, and she sighed. "Poor man!" said she "(blessing with him!), it was he that sent me here to Strongara, and gave me tinder and flint."

"We could better have spared any of his friends, then," said I. "But you would expect some of us to come in search of you?"

"I did," she said in a hesitancy, and crimsoning in a way that tingled me to the heart with the thought that she meant no other than myself. She gave a caressing touch to the head of the

sleeping child, and turned to M'Iver, who lay on his side with his head propped on an elbow, looking out on the hill-face.

"Do you know the bairn?" she asked.

"No," he said, with a careless look where it lay as peaceful as in a cradle rocked by a mother's foot.

"It's the oe of Peggie Mhor," she said.

"So," said he; "poor dear!" and he turned and looked out again at the snow.

We were, in spite of our dead Glencoe man's assurance, in as wicked a piece of country as well might be. No snow had fallen since we left Tombreck, and from that dolorous ruin almost to our present retreat was the patent track of our march.

"I'm here, and I'm making a fair show at an easy mind," said M'Iver; "but I've been in cheerier circumstances ere now."

"So have I, for that part of it," said Betty with spirit, half humorously, half in an obvious punctilio.

"Mistress," said he, sitting up gravely; "I beg your pardon. Do you wonder if I'm not in a mood for saying dainty things? Our state's precarious (it's needless to delude ourselves otherwise), and our friend Sandy and his bloody gang may be at Javelin's throw from us as we sit here. I wish—"

He saw the girl's face betray her natural alarm, and amended his words almost too quickly for the sake of the illusion.

"Tuts, tuts!" he cried. "I forgot the wood was searched before, and here I'm putting a dismal black face on a drab business. We might be a thousand times worse. I might be a clay-cold corp with my last week's wage unspent in my sporran, as it happens to be, and here I'm to the fore with a four or five MacDonalds to my credit. If I've lost my mercantile office as mine-manager (curse your trades and callings!) my sword is left me; you have equal fortune, Elrigmore; and you, Mistress Brown, have them you love spared to you."

Again the girl blushed most fiercely. "Thank God! Thank God!" she cried

in a stifled ecstasy, "and O! but I'm grateful." And anew she fondled the little bye-blow as it lay with its sunny hair on the soldier's plaid.

John glanced at her from the corners of his eyes with a new expression, and asked her if she was fond of bairns.

"Need you ask that of a woman?" she said. "But for the company of this one on my wanderings, my heart had failed me a hundred times a day. It was seeing it so helpless that gave me my courage: the dark at night in the bothy and the cot and the moaning wind of this lone spot had sent me crazy if I had not this little one's hand in mine, and its breath in my hair as we lay together."

"To me," said John, "they're like flowers, and that's the long and the short of it."

"You're like most men, I suppose," said Betty, archly; "fond of them in the abstract, and with small patience for the individuals of them. This one now—you would not take half the trouble with him I found a delight in. But the nursing of bairns—even their own—is not a soldier's business."

"No, perhaps not," said M'Iver, surveying her gravely; "and yet I've seen a soldier, a rough hired cavalier, take a wonderful degree of trouble about a dusky little bairn of the enemy in the enemy's country. He was struck—as he told me after—the gash look of it sitting in a scene of carnage, orphaned, without the sense of it, and he carried it before him on the saddle for a many leagues' march till he found a peaceful wayside cottage, where he gave it in the charge of as honest a woman, to all appearance, as these parts could boast. He might even—for all I know to the contrary—have fairly bought her attention for it by a season's paying of the krentzers, and I know it cost him a duel with a fool who mocked the sentiment of the deed."

"I hope so brave and good a man was none the worse for his duel in a cause so noble," said the girl, softly.

"Neither greatly brave nor middling good," said John, laughing, "at least to my way of thinking, and I know him

well. But he was no poorer but by the kretzers for his advocacy of an orphan bairn."

"I think I know the man," said I, innocently, "and his name would be John."

"And John or George," said the girl, "I could love him for his story."

M'Iver lifted a tress of the sleeping child's hair and toyed with it between his fingers.

"My dear, my dear!" said he; "it's a foolish thing to judge a man's character by a trifle like yon: he's a poor creature who has not his fine impulse now and then; and the man I speak of, as like as not, was dirling a wanton flagon (or maybe waur) ere nightfall, or slaying with cruelty and zest the bairn's uncles in the next walled town he came to. At another mood he would perhaps balance this lock of hair against a company of burghers but fighting for their own fire end."

"The hair is not unlike your own," said Betty, comparing with quick eyes the curl he held and the curls that escaped from under the edge of his flat blue bonnet.

"May every hair of his be a candle to light him safely through a mirk and dangerous world," said he, and he began to whittle assiduously at a stick, with a little black exter-knife he lugged from his coat.

"Amen!" said the girl, bravely, "but we were better with the guidance of a good father, and that there seems small likelihood of his enjoying—poor thing!"

A constraint fell on us; it may have been there before, but only now I felt it myself. I changed the conversation, thinking that perhaps the child's case was too delicate a subject, but unhappily made the plundering of our glens my dolorous text, and gloom fell like a mort-cloth on our little company. If my friend was easily uplifted, made buoyantly cheerful by the least accident of life, he was as prone to a hellish melancholy when fate lay low. For the rest of the afternoon he was ever staving with a gloomy brow about the neighborhood, keeping an eye, as he

said, to the possible chance of the enemy.

Left thus for long spaces in the company of Betty and the child, that daffed and croddled about her, and even became warmly friendly with me for the sake of my Paris watch and my glittering waistcoat buttons, I made many gallant attempts to get on my old easy footing. That was the wonder of it: when my interest in her was at the lukewarm, I could face her repartee with as good as she gave; now that I loved her (to say the word and be done with it), my words must be picked and chosen and my tongue must stammer in a contemptible awkwardness. Nor was she, apparently, quite at her ease, for when our talk came at any point too close on her own person, she was at great pains adroitly to change it to other directions.

I never, in all my life, saw a child so much made use of. It seemed, by the most wonderful of chances, to be ever needing soothing or scolding or kissing or running after in the snow, when I had a word to say upon the human affections, or a compliment to pay upon some grace of its most assiduous nurse.

"I'm afraid," said Betty at last, "you learned some courtiers' flatteries and coqueties in your travels. You should have taken the lesson like your friend and fellow-cavalier M'Iver, and got the trick of keeping a calm heart."

"M'Iver!" I cried. "He's an old hand at the business."

She put her lips to the child's neck and kissed it tumultuously.

"Not—not at the trade of lovier?" she asked after a while, carelessly keeping up the crack.

"Oh, no!" I said, laughing. "He's a most religious man."

"I would hardly say so much," she answered coldly; "for there have been tales—some idle, some otherwise—about him, but I think his friend should be last to hint at any scandal."

Good heavens! here was a surprise for one who had no more notion of traducing his friend than of miscalling the Shorter Catechism. The charge stuck in my gizzard. I fumed and

sweat, speechless at the injustice of it, while the girl held herself more aloof than ever, busy preparing for our evening meal.

I had no time to put myself right in her estimate of me before M'Iver came back from his airing with an alarming story.

"It's time we were taking our feet from here," he cried, running up to us. "I've been up on Meall Ruadh there, and I see the whole country-side's in a confusion. Pipers are blowing away down the Glen and guns are firing; if it's not a muster of the enemy preparatory to their quitting the country, it's a call to a more particular search in the hills and woods. Anyway we must be bundling."

He hurriedly stamped out the fire, that smoked a faint blue reek which might have advertised our whereabouts, and Betty clutched the child to her arms, her face again taking the hue of hunt and fear she wore when we first set eyes on her in the morning.

"Where is safety?" she asked, hopelessly. "Is there a sheep-fank or a sheiling-bothy in Argile that is not at the mercy of those bloodhounds?"

"If it wasn't for the snow on the ground," said M'Iver, "I could find a score of safe enough hidings between here and Beannan. Heavens!" he added, "when I think on it, the Beannan itself is the place for us; it's the one safe spot we can reach by going through the woods without leaving any trace, if we keep under the trees and in the bed of the burn."

We took the bairn in turns, M'Iver and I, and the four of us set out for the opposite side of Glenaora for the *eas* or gully called the Beannan, that lay out of any route likely to be followed by the enemy, whether their object was a retreat or a hunting. But we were never to reach this place of refuge, as it happened; for M'Iver, leading down the burn by a yard or two, had put his foot on the path running through the pass beside the three bridges, when he pulled back, blenching more in chagrin than apprehension.

"Here they are," he said. "We're too

late; there's a band of them on the march up this way."

At our backs was the burned ruin of a house that had belonged to a shepherd, who was the first to flee to the town when the invaders came. Its byre was almost intact, and we ran to it up the burn as fast as we could, and concealed ourselves in the dark interior. Birds came chirping under the eaves of thatch and by the vent-holes, and made so much bickering to find us in their sanctuary that we feared the by-passers, who were within a whisper of our hiding, would be surely attracted. Band after band of the enemy passed, laden in the most extraordinary degree with the spoil of war. They had only a rough sort of discipline in their retirement: the captains or chieftains marched together, leaving the companies to straggle as they might, for was not the country deserted by every living body but themselves? In van of them they drove several hundreds of black and red cattle, and with the aid of some rough ponies, that pulled such sledges (called *carns*) as are used for the hauling home of peat on hilly land, they were conveying huge quantities of household plenishing and the merchandise of the burgh town.

In the men of these savage chiefs there was great elation that Montrose had little share in, to all appearance. He rode moodily, and when fair opposite our place of concealment he stopped his horse as if to quit the sell, but more likely to get, for a little, out of the immediate company of his lawless troops. None of those home-returning Gaels paid heed to his pause, for they were more Alasdair MacDonald's men than his; MacDonald brought them to the lair of the boar, MacDonald glutted their Highland thirst for Campbell blood. MacDonald had compelled this raid in spite of the protests of the noble man who held the king's commission and seal.

For some minutes his lordship stood alone on the pathway. The house where we lay was but one, and the meanest, among a numerous cluster of such drear memorials of a black busi-

ness, and it was easy to believe this generalissimo had some gloomy thoughts as he gazed on the work he had lent consent to. He looked at the ruins and he looked up the pass at his barbarians, and shrugged his shoulders with a contempt there was no mistaking.

"I could bring him down like a caper-caillzie," said M'Iver coolly, running his eye along his pistol and cocking it through his keek-hole.

"For God's sake don't shoot!" I said, and he laughed quietly.

"Is there anything in my general deportment, Colin, that makes ye think me an assassin or an idiot? I never wantonly shot an unsuspecting enemy, and I'm little likely to shoot Montrose and have a woman and bairn suffer the worst for a stupid moment of glory."

As ill luck would have it, the bairn, that had been playing peacefully in the dusk, at this critical minute let up a cry Montrose plainly heard.

"We're lost, we're lost," said Betty, trembling till the crisp, dry bracken rustled about her, and she was for instant flight.

"If we're lost, there's a marquis will go travelling with us," said M'Iver, covering his lordship's heart with his pistol.

Had Montrose given the slightest sign that he intended to call back his men to tread out this last flicker of life in Aora Glen he would never have died on the gibbet at the Grassmarket of Dunedin. Years after, when Grahame met his doom (with much more courtliness and dignity than I could have given him credit for), M'Iver would hark back on his narrow escape at the end of the raiding.

"I had his life in the crook of my finger," he would say; "had I acted on my first thought, Clan Campbell would never have lost Inverlochy, but *bha e air an dàn*, what will be will be, and Grahame's fate was not in the crook of my finger, though so I might think it. Aren't we the fools to fancy sometimes our human wills decide the course of fate and the conclusions of circumstances? From the beginning of time,

my Lord Marquis of Montrose was meant for the scaffold."

Montrose, when he heard the child's cry, only looked to either hand to see that none of his friends heard it, and finding there was no one near him, took off his Highland bonnet, lightly, to the house where he jaloused there was a woman with the wean, and passed slowly on his way.

"It's so honest an act," said John, pulling in his pistol, "that I would be a knave to advantage myself of the occasion."

A generous act enough. I daresay there were few in the following of James Grahame would have borne such a humane part at the end of a bloody business; and I never heard our people cry down the name of Montrose (bitter foe to me and mine) but I minded to his credit that he had a compassionate ear for a child's cry in the ruined hut of Aora Glen.

Montrose gave no hint to his staff of what he had heard, for when he joined them, he nor they turned round to look behind. Before us now, free and open, lay the way to Inneraora. We got down before the dusk fell, and were the first of its returning inhabitants to behold what a scandal of charred houses and robbed chests the Athole and Antrim caterans had left us.

In the grey light the place lay tenantless and melancholy, the snow of the silent street and lane trodden to a slush, the evening star peeping between the black roof-timbers, the windows lozenless, the doors burned out or hanging off their hinges. Before the better houses were piles of goods and gear turned out on the causeway. They had been turned about by plke-handles and trodden upon with contemptuous heels, and the pick of the plenishing was gone. Though upon the rear of the kirk there were two great mounds, that showed us where friend and foe had been buried, that solemn memorial was not so poignant to the heart as the poor reliques of the homes gutted and sacked. The provost's tenement, of all the lesser houses in the burgh, was the only one that stood in its outer entirety, its

arched cells proof against the malevolent fire. Yet its windows gaped black and empty. The tide was in close on the breast-wall behind, and the sound of it came up and moaned in the close like the sough of a sea-shell held against the ear.

We stood in the close, the three of us (the bairn clinging in wonder to the girl's gown), with never a word for a space, and that sough of the sea was almost a coronach.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From The Contemporary Review.
MR. GLADSTONE'S THEOLOGY.

Eighteen years ago Mr. Gladstone wrote on the fly-leaf of his journal: "For my part, my sole concern is to manage the third and last act of my life with decency, and to make a handsome exit off the stage. Provided this point is secured, I am not solicitous about the rest. I am already by nature condemned to death; no man can give me a pardon from this sentence, nor so much as procure me a reprieve."

To-day all thoughts are bent on the darkened chamber in Hawarden Castle, where that "third and last act" of a noble drama has reached its consummation; and to me personally there constantly recur the words which Mr. Gladstone wrote on the occasion of my father's death. After some phrases of friendly eulogy, he said: "It is a higher matter to know, at a supreme moment like this, that he had placed his treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt, and his dependence where dependence never fails." In the same spirit I would to-day renew and reaffirm the judgment which in 1891 I ventured to record: "The paramount factor of Mr. Gladstone's nature is his religiousness."¹ The religion in which he lived and moved and had his being was an

¹ Some portion of this paper is borrowed from previous writings of my own; and my excuse must be that the contemporary record of a personal impression cannot with advantage be re-touched after the lapse of years.

intensely vivid and energetic principle, passionate on its emotional side, definite in its theory, imperious in its demands, practical, visible and tangible in its effects. It ran like a silver strand through the complex and variegated web of his long and chequered life. When he left Oxford he wished to take Holy Orders instead of entering Parliament. Cardinal Manning used to say: "Gladstone was nearer being a clergyman than I was. He was, I believe, as fit for it as I was unfit."

He submitted to his father's decision; but the mere choice of a profession could make no difference to the ground-tone of his thought. While a politician he was still essentially, and above all, a Christian—some would say, an ecclesiastic. Through all the changes and chances of a political career, as a Tory, as a Home Ruler, in office and in opposition, sitting as a duke's nominee for a pocket-borough and enthroned as the idol of an adoring democracy, Mr. Gladstone has

Played, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won.

In his own personal habits, known to all men, of systematic devotion; in his rigorous reservation of the Sunday for sacred uses; in his written and spoken utterances; in his favorite studies; in his administration of public affairs; in the grounds on which he based his opposition to policies of which he disapproved, he steadily and constantly asserted for the claims of religion a paramount place in public consideration, and reproved the stale sciolism which thinks, or affects to think, that Christianity, as a spring of human action, is an exhausted force. During his fourth premiership he wrote to an enquirer in America: "All I write, and all I think, and all I hope, is based upon the Divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor wayward race."

This religiousness of Mr. Gladstone's character incurred the bitter wrath of those large sections of society whose

lax theories and corresponding practice his example constantly rebuked; won for him the affectionate reverence of great masses of his countrymen who never saw his face; and accounted for the singular loyalty to his person and policy of those Nonconformist bodies from which, on the score of merely theological opinion, he was so widely separated. His later attitude towards Nonconformity and Nonconformists, so strikingly different from that which marked his earlier days, was due, no doubt, in part to the necessities of his political position, but due much more to his growing conviction that English Nonconformity means a robust and consistent application of the principles of the Kingdom of God to the business of public life. This was well illustrated by what occurred at the Memorial Hall in 1888, when he received an address in support of his Irish policy, signed by Nonconformist ministers. To this address he replied:—

I accept with gratitude as well as pleasure the address which has been presented to me, and I rejoice again to meet you within walls which, although no great number of years have passed since their erection, have already become historic, and which are associated in my mind and in the minds of many with honorable struggles, sometimes under circumstances of depression, sometimes under circumstances of promise, but always leading us forward, whatever may have been the phenomena of the moment, along the path of truth and justice. I am very thankful to those who have signed this address for the courageous manner in which they have not scrupled to associate their political action and intention with the principles and motives of their holy religion.

The best theologian in England (as Dr. Döllinger called Mr. Gladstone) could not help being aware that the theories of Dissent, both in respect of their historic basis and of their relation to scientific theology, leave much to be desired; but not the less clearly has he recognized the fact that, on those supreme occasions of public controversy when the path of politics crosses the path of morality, the Non-

conformist bodies of England have pronounced unhesitatingly for justice and mercy, while our authorized teachers of religion have too often been silent or have spoken on the wrong side.

This keen sense of the religious bearing of political questions determined Mr. Gladstone's action in not a few crises of his Parliamentary life. It was the exacting rigor of a religious theory that drove him out of the Cabinet in 1845. It was his belief that marriage is a sacred and indissoluble union which dictated his pertinacious opposition to the Divorce Bill in 1857. Ten years later he felt that the Irish Establishment could no longer be maintained, because it could plead neither practical utility nor "the seal and signature of ecclesiastical descent." In the Eastern Question he discerned that all the various interests which dread and loathe Christianity were making common cause on behalf of the Power which has for centuries persecuted the worshippers of Christ in Eastern Europe, and that the godless cynicism which scoffed at the red horrors of Bulgaria was not so much an un-Christian as an anti-Christian sentiment.

It was when he handled the religious aspects of a political question that Mr. Gladstone's eloquence rose to its highest flight, as in his speech on the Second Reading of the Affirmation Bill in 1883. Under the system then existing (which admitted Jews to Parliament but excluded atheists), to deny the existence of God was a fatal bar, but to deny the Christian creed was no bar at all. This, Mr. Gladstone contended, was a formal disparagement of Christianity, which was thereby relegated to a place of secondary importance. Those who heard it will not easily forget the solemn splendor of the passage in which this argument was enforced.

The administration of government was always, in Mr. Gladstone's hands, a religious act. During his second premiership he wrote in his journal:—

Oh! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for
heaven.

Even in the trivial concerns of ordinary life the sense of responsibility to an invisible Judge for the deeds done in the body pressed on him with overwhelming weight. He was haunted by responsibility for time, and talents, and opportunities, and influence, and power; responsibility for reading and writing and speaking, and eating and drinking; and to this the task of government superadded responsibility for the material and moral interests of the people entrusted to his charge; responsibility, above all else, for much that vitally affects the well-being, the efficiency and the spiritual repute of that great religious institution with which the commonwealth of England is so closely interwoven. In the Bidding Prayer at Oxford the congregation is exhorted to pray for those in authority that they "may labor to promote the glory of God and the present and future welfare of mankind; remembering always that solemn account which they must one day give before the judgment-seat of Christ." Those who have been behind the scenes when Mr. Gladstone was preparing to make some important appointment in the Church, and have witnessed the anxious and solemn care with which he approached the task, have seen that high ideal of duty translated into practice.

I turn now to the history—so far as I have been able to trace it—of his theological development. He was born in 1809; and when we consider the conspicuous and unbroken testimony of that long life to the truth and power of the Christian religion; its signal services to the maintenance of the faith against attacks from opposite quarters; and its practical influence, through ecclesiastical appointments, on the fortunes of the Church of England, the birth of Mr. Gladstone must be regarded as an event in our ecclesiastical history.

He was what Tertullian calls "*anima naturaliter Christiana*," and he was carefully brought up. His father was a God-fearing man according to his light and opportunity; his mother a devout Evangelical. As a schoolboy he

was honorably distinguished by simple devotion and stainless living. "At Eton," said Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury, "I was a thoroughly idle boy; but I was saved from some worse things by getting to know Gladstone." To have exercised, while still a schoolboy, an influence for good on one of the greatest of contemporary saints is surely such a distinction as few prime ministers ever attained. Sixty years afterwards a schoolfellow remembered seeing Gladstone turn his glass upside down and decline to drink a coarse toast proposed, according to annual custom, at a school-dinner.

When Gladstone was at Oxford the Catholic revival had not yet begun. Cardinal Newman taught us to date it from July 14, 1833. But the High Church party had the field. With the exception of a handful of Evangelicals at one obscure college, the religious clergy and laity of Oxford were High Churchmen of the traditional type. Dr. Routh still survived to "report," as Newman said, "to a forgetful generation what had been the theology of their fathers;" though his influence was not felt beyond the walls of Magdalen College. The Caroline divinity still lingered. Men believed in the Church as a divine society, as well as a chief institution of the realm; they set store upon her Orders and Sacraments, and at least professed great respect for, if they did not cultivate intimate acquaintance with, the writings of her standard divines. At the same time, they had a holy horror of Popish usurpation, and Sir Robert Peel's concession of the Roman Catholic claims had just cost him his seat for the university. But these influences produced no immediate or conscious effect on Gladstone's mind. The ecclesiastical atmosphere of the place was high and dry, and therefore as little as possible attractive to an ardent and spiritual nature. Had his undergraduate career been a few years later, when the fascinating genius and austere sanctity of Cardinal Newman had begun to leaven the university, he would perhaps have been numbered with that band of de-

voted disciples who followed the great oratorian whithersoever he went. But between 1828 and 1832 there was no leader of paramount authority in the religious world of Oxford, and the young student of Christ Church was left to develop his own opinions and frame his own course. The blameless schoolboy became a blameless undergraduate; diligent, sober, regular alike in study and devotion, giving his whole energies to the duties of the place, and quietly abiding in the religious faith in which he had been trained. He was conspicuously moderate in the use of wine. His good example in this respect affected not only his contemporaries but also his successors at the university. Men who followed him to Oxford ten years later found it still operative; and the present Archbishop of Canterbury has told me that undergraduates drank less in the forties, because Gladstone had been courageously abstemious in the thirties. Bishop Charles Wordsworth said that no man of his standing in the university habitually read his Bible more or knew it better. Cardinal Manning described him walking to church with his "Bible and Prayer-Book tucked under his arm." He paid surreptitious visits to Dissenting chapels; denounced Bishop Butler's doctrine that human nature is not wholly corrupt; was enraged by a university sermon in which Calvin had been placed on the same level of orthodoxy as Socinus; and quitted Oxford with a religious belief still untinctured by Catholic theology. But the great change was not far distant, and he had already formed some of the friendships which, in their development, were destined to affect so profoundly the course of his religious thought.

Gladstone took his degree at Christmas, 1831. And now came the momentous choice between Holy Orders and Parliamentary life. Had the decision gone differently, the present condition of England would have been modified. However, my concern is not with Mr. Gladstone's professional career, but with his theological development, and in this respect, he is peculiarly interest-

ing as a link between the Evangelical and Tractarian schools of thought.

The close of the last century was the low-water mark of English religion and morality. The first thirty years of this century witnessed a great revival, due chiefly to the Evangelical movement, in the very heart and core of the Church of England. That movement, though little countenanced by ecclesiastical authority, changed the whole tone of religious thought and life in England. It recalled men to serious ideas of faith and duty; it curbed profligacy, it made decency fashionable, it revived the external usages of piety, and it prepared the way for that later movement which, issuing from Oxford in 1833, has so momentously transfigured the outward aspect of the Church of England. In this connection the testimony of Mr. Gladstone, who was brought up in the one school and migrated to the other, has a peculiar value:—

"I do not mean to say," he wrote in 1879, "that the founders of the Oxford School announced, or even that they knew, to how large an extent they were to be pupils and continuators of the Evangelical work, besides being something else. . . . Their distinctive speech was of Church and priesthood, of sacraments and services, as the vesture under the varied folds of which the form of the Divine Redeemer was to be exhibited to the world! in a way capable of, and suitable for, transmission by a collective body from generation to generation. It may well have happened that in straining to secure for their ideas what they thought their due place, some at least may have forgotten or disparaged that personal and experimental life of the human soul with God which profits by all ordinances, but is tied to none, dwelling ever, through all its varying moods, in the inner court of the sanctuary whereof the walls are not built with hands. The only matter, however, with which I am now concerned, is to record the fact that the pith and life of the Evangelical teaching, as it consists in the reintroduction of Christ our Lord to be woof and warp of preaching, was the great gift of the [Evangelical] movement to the Teaching Church, and has now penetrated and possessed it on a scale so general that it may

be considered as pervading the whole mass."

The year 1838 claims special note in a record of Mr. Gladstone's religious development, because it witnessed the appearance of his famous work on "The State in its Relations with the Church." We have seen that he left Oxford before the beginning of that Catholic revival which was now in full strength. The "Tracts for the Times" were saturating England with new influences. The passionate, almost despairing, appeal of half-a-dozen gifted and holy men at Oxford had awoke a response in every corner of the kingdom. "We did," they said, "but light a beacon-fire on the summit of a lonely hill: and now we are amazed to find the firmament on every side red with the light of some responsive flame." The Catholic revival counted no more enthusiastic or more valuable disciple than the young member for Newark.

In reading for honors at Oxford he had become intimately acquainted with two of the masters of human thought. "Aristotle and Butler," he once said to me, "would carry you anywhere in those days." At the same period he fell in with Coleridge's treatise on the relations of Church and State, which he pronounced "profound and beautiful," and which, according to Hope-Scott, "had a great deal to do with his fundamental ideas of the subject." A journey in Italy, immediately after his degree, had brought him under the spell of Dante, from whom (as he wrote in old age), "I have learned a great part of that mental provision (however insignificant it may be) which has served me to make this journey of human life up to the term of nearly seventy-three years." And he was "an ardent student of St. Augustine," whom he read through in twenty-two octavo volumes. Henry Edward Manning was one of his intimate friends; and about 1836 his acquaintance with James Robert Hope, afterwards Hope-Scott of Abbotsford, developed into a close and abiding friendship. "He" (Hope) "opened a conversation on the controversies which

were then agitated in the Church of England, and which had Oxford for their centre. He told me that he had been seriously studying the controversy, and that in his opinion the Oxford authors were right." This conversation apparently led Mr. Gladstone to bestow grave attention on the questions at issue in the Oxford Movement. It was, I believe, a study of the Occasional Offices of the Prayer-book, and more particularly the Visitation Service, which determined him that the Oxford writers were right in their interpretation of the Anglican formularies. The work, once begun, advanced with rapid steps. He unlearned nothing of his old Evangelical faith, but he superadded to it the whole cycle of Catholic doctrine. He was now out of office, and was living as a bachelor in chambers in the Albany, immersed in the study of St. Thomas Aquinas, and writing his book on "The State in its Relations with the Church." Mr. Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, writing in 1838 with regard to his own practice of giving parties on Sunday evening, says: "This unfortunately excludes the more serious members—Acland, Gladstone, etc. I really think, when people keep Friday as a fast, they might make a feast of Sunday." This is a curious touch as showing the Catholic practice about Friday added to, but not disturbing, the Evangelical practice about Sunday. Mr. Gladstone had now given his whole allegiance to the Church of England, as being the one body divinely appointed to teach the Christian faith to the English people, and to supply them with the sacred means of grace and salvation. Recognizing this high and peculiar mission in the Church, he conceived that it involved a special and corresponding duty on the part of the State. This duty he set forth in his treatise of 1838. "The distinctive principle of the book was that the State had a conscience."

This being admitted, the issue was whether the State, in its best condition, has such a conscience as can take cognizance of religious truth and

error, and in particular whether the State of the United Kingdom at that time was, or was not, so far in that condition as to be under an obligation to give an active and an exclusive support to the established religion of the country. The work attempted to survey the actual state of the relations between the State and the Church; to show from history the ground which had been defined for the National Church at the Reformation; and to enquire and determine whether the existing state of things was worth preserving and defending against encroachments from whatever quarter. This question it decided emphatically in the affirmative. Faithful to logic and to its theory, the book did not shrink from applying them to the crucial case of the Irish Church. It did not disguise the difficulties of the case, for the author was alive to the paradox which it involved. But the one master-idea of the system, that the State as it then stood was capable in this age, as it had been in ages long gone by, of assuming beneficially a responsibility for the inculcation of a particular religion, carried him through all. His doctrine was that the Church, as established by law, was to be maintained for its truth; that this was the only principle on which it could be properly and permanently upheld; that this principle, if good in England, was good also for Ireland; that truth is of all possessions the most precious to the soul of man; and that to "remove this priceless treasure from the view and the reach of the Irish people would be meanly to purchase their momentary favor at the expense of their permanent interests, and would be a high offence against our own sacred obligations."

"The State in its Relations" came out at Christmas, 1838. Bunsen pronounced it "the book of the time, a great event—the first book since Burke that goes to the bottom of the vital question." In January, 1839, Newman wrote, "Gladstone's book is making a sensation" and "The *Times* is again at poor Gladstone. Really I feel as if I

could do anything for him. Poor fellow! it is so noble a thing!"

The book soon reached a third edition, and drew from Macaulay that trenchant review, in which Mr. Gladstone was described, for the infinite gratification of posterity, as the "rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories." In the following year he published his treatise on "Church Principles Considered in the Results," in which he maintained with ingenuity and vigor the visibility and authority of the Church, the mathematical certainty of the Apostolic Succession, and the nature and efficacy of the Sacraments, and vindicated the Church of England as the divinely-appointed guardian of Christian truth, alike against Popish and Puritan innovations. In December, 1840, Newman writes: "Gladstone's book is *doctrinaire*, and (I think) somewhat self-confident; but it will do good;" and Maurice makes this sagacious criticism:—

His Aristotelianism is, it strikes me, more deeply fixed in him than before, and, on that account, I do not see how he can ever enter enough into the feeling and truth of Rationalism to refute it. His notion of attacking the Evangelicals by saying, "Press your opinions to their results, and they become Rationalistic," is ingenious, and wrought out, I think, with great skill and an analytical power for which I had not given him credit; but after all it seems to me an argument which is fitter for the courts than for a theological controversy.

I pass without comment the establishment of the Anglican Bishopric at Jerusalem, in which Mr. Gladstone was closely concerned, and which helped to "break" Cardinal Newman, because the controversies of 1841 are by this time extinct; and I proceed to the year 1845. Sir Robert Peel, in response to appeals from the Irish members, now resolved to establish non-sectarian colleges in Ireland, and greatly to increase the grant to Maynooth. Mr. Gladstone resigned his office in Peel's Cabinet, and announced

that his retirement was caused by the intentions of the Government with regard to Irish education; that those intentions were at variance with the system which he had maintained, "in a form the most detailed and deliberate," in his treatise of 1838; that he thought that those who had borne such solemn testimony to a particular view of an important question "ought not to be parties responsible for proposals which involve a material departure from it." The purpose of his retirement was to place himself in a position to form "not only an honest, but likewise an independent and an unsuspected judgment," on the plan to be submitted by the Government.

Having, by retiring, established his perfect freedom of action, and delivered himself from the reproach of sacrificing his conscience to keep his place, he met the proposals of the Government in a sympathetic spirit. He defended the grant to Maynooth in a long speech full of ingenious argumentation, and urged with great force that, if the State was to give "a more indiscriminating support" than previously to various forms of religious opinions, it would be improper and unjust to exclude the Church of Rome in Ireland from participating in its benefits.

He had now definitely abandoned the view that the State is bound to give an exclusive support to the established religion, and had given the most unmistakable evidence of the sincerity of the change, and thus 1845 was a marked turning-point in the history of his ecclesiastical opinions.

In December, 1845, Mr. Gladstone re-entered the Cabinet, as Secretary of State for the Colonies; and during the Christmas season he wrote as follows to his friend, Archdeacon Manning, who had just sent him a volume of sermons, one of them being called "Short Devotions a Hindrance to Prayer." The letter seems to me of extraordinary interest, as showing the systematic and scrupulous nature of the writer's religious life:—

MY DEAR MANNING:—

I write respecting your sermons, and their bearing on myself. . . .

You teach that daily prayers, the observance of fast and festival, and considerable application of time to private devotion and to Scripture, ought not to be omitted—*e.g.*, by me; because, great as the difficulty, the need is enhanced in the same proportion; the balance is the same.

You think, very charitably, that ordinary persons, of such who have a right general intention in respect to religion, give an hour and a half to its direct duties; and if they add attendance at both daily services, raising it to three, you consider that still a scanty allowance, while some sixteen or seventeen are given to sleep, food, or recreation.

Now, I cannot deny this position with respect to the increase of the need; that you cannot overstate; but I think there are two ways in which God is wont to provide a remedy for real and lawful need, one by augmenting supply, the other by intercepting the natural and ordinary consequences of the deficiency. I am desirous really to look the question full in the face; and then I come to the conclusion, that if I were to include the daily service now in my list of daily duties, my next step ought to be resignation. Let me describe to you what has been at former times, when in London and in office, the very narrow measure of my stated religious observances: on week days I cannot estimate our family prayer, together with morning and evening prayer, at more than three-quarters of an hour, even if so much. Sunday is reserved with rare exceptions for religious employments; and it was my practice, in general, to receive the Holy Communion weekly. Of daily services, except a little before and after Easter, not one in a fortnight, perhaps one in a month. Different individuals have different degrees of facility in supplying the lack of regular devotion by that which is occasional; but it is hard for one to measure the resource in his own case. I cannot well estimate, on the other hand, the amount of relaxation which used them to occur to me. Last year I endeavored in town to apply a rule to the distribution of my hours, and took ten for sleep, food and recreation, understanding this last word for whatever really refreshes mind or body, or has a fair chance of doing so. Now,

my needs for sleep are great; as long as I rise feeling like a stone, I do not think there is too much, and this is the general description of my waking sense, in office and during the session; but I consider seven and a half hours the least I ought then to have, and I should be better with eight. I know the old stories about retrenching sleep, and how people are deceived themselves: with me it may be so, but I think it is not.

I have never summed up my figures, but my impression is that last year, upon the average, I was under and not over the ten for the particulars named—I should say between nine and ten. But last year was a holiday year as to pressure upon mind and body, in comparison with those that preceded it. Further, people are very different as to the rate at which they expend their vigor during their work; my habit, perhaps my misfortune, is, and peculiarly with work that I dislike, to labor at the very top of my strength, so that after five or six hours of my office, I was frequently in a state of great exhaustion. How can you apply the duty of saving time for prayer out of sleep and recreation to a man in these circumstances? Again, take fasting. I had begun to form to myself some ideas upon this head; but I felt, though without a positive decision to that effect, that I could not, and must not, apply them if I should come again into political activity. I speak now of fasting in quantity, fasting in nutrition; as to fasting in quality, I see that the argument is even strengthened, subject only to the exception that in times of mental anxiety it becomes impossible to receive much healthy food with which a sound appetite would have no difficulty. The fact is undoubted; it is extremely hard to keep the bodily frame *up* to its work, under the twofold condition of activity in office and in Parliament. I take it, then, that to fast in the usual sense would generally be a sin, and not a duty—I make a little exception for the time immediately preceding Easter, as then there is a short remission of Parliamentary duties. I need not, perhaps, say more now. You see my argument with you, and that I differ, it may be, where the pinch comes upon myself. But I speak freely in order to give scope for opposite reasoning—in order that I may be convicted if possible, as then I hope also to be convinced.

There is the greatest difference, as I find, between simple occupation, however intense, and occupation with anxiety as its perpetual accompaniment. Serious reading and hard writing, even for the same number of hours that my now imminent duties may absorb, I for one can bear without feeling that I am living too fast; but when that one element of habitual anxiety is added, nature is spurred on beyond her pace under an excessive burden, and vital forces waste rapidly away. I should be more suspicious of myself than I now am in the argument I have made, were it not that I have had experience of occupation in both forms, and know the gulf between them. I ought to have added the other sting of official situations combined with Parliament. It is the sad irregularity of one's life. The only fixed points are prayers and breakfast in the morning, and Sunday at the beginning of the week. It is Sunday, I am convinced, that has kept me alive and well, even to a marvel, in times of considerable labor, for I must not conceal from you, even though you may think it a sad *bathos*, that I have never at any time been prevented by illness from attending either Parliament or my office. The only experience I have had of the dangers from which I argue, in results, has been in weakness and exhaustion from the brain downwards. It is impossible for me to be thankful enough for the exemption I enjoy, especially when I see far stronger constitutions, constitutions truly Herculean, breaking down around me. I hope I may be preserved from the guilt and ingratitude of indulging sensual sloth, under the mask of wise and necessary precautions.

Do not trouble yourself to write at length, but revolve these matters in the casuistical chamber of the mind; and either before or when we meet, give me an opinion which, I trust, will be frank and fearless. There is one retrenchment I could make: it would be to take from activity outwards in matters of religion, in order to give it to prayer. But I have given it a misdescription. What I could economize is chiefly reading; but reading nowadays I almost always shall have to resort to, at least—so it was before—by way of repose. Devotion is by far the best sedative to excitement; but then it requires great and sustained exertion (to speak humanly, and under the supposi-

tion of the Divine grace), or else powerful external helps, or both. Those mere dregs of the natural energies, which too often are all that occupation leaves, are fit for little beyond passivity; only fit when not severe.

Reading all this, you may the more easily understand my tone sometimes about public life as a whole.

Joy to you at this blessed time and at all times.

Your affectionate friend,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Another turning-point was the year 1850. This year saw the memorable Gorham Judgment, which seemed to many to overthrow by secular authority the baptismal doctrine of the Church of England, and definitely to estrange Anglicanism from all the rest of Christendom in relation to an article of the Nicene Creed. The commotion which followed cost Mr. Gladstone his two best friends. Hope-Scott and Manning seceded; and Mr. Gladstone, remaining behind, was himself sorely perturbed. In a powerful letter to Bishop Blomfield he asserted the relation of Church and State as defined at the Reformation, and urged that the powers in ecclesiastical matters conferred by recent legislation on the Privy Council constituted "a grave and dangerous departure from the Reformation-Settlement." The next few years were full of storm and stress. The unhappy Divorce Act set the law of the land in opposition to the law of God, and the Episcopal bench, with a few honorable exceptions, either was silent or spoke on the wrong side. The proceedings against Archdeacon Denison made it seem likely that the doctrine of the Real Presence would be condemned in the Archbishop's Court. On August 13, 1856, Mr. Gladstone wrote to a friend:—

My mind is quite made up that, if belief in the Eucharist as a reality is proscribed by law in the Church of England, everything I hold dear in life shall be given and devoted to oversetting and tearing in pieces such law, whatever consequences, of whatever kind, may follow.

The danger was averted, but Convocation had barely and recently recovered from its long suppression, and the mind of the Church had no means of finding expression. Readers of Bishop Wilberforce's Life may recollect a remarkable letter in which Mr. Gladstone confesses that, if the mind of the Church and her rulers is deliberately anti-Catholic, he has no right to "seek a hiding-place within the pale of her possessions." The growing life of Convocation, and the bold and faithful use which the Lower House made of its recovered freedom, brought comfort to Mr. Gladstone and those who thought with him. The State might legislate in an un-Christian sense and its courts affix heterodox meanings to Catholic symbols, but the mind and heart of the Church were right with God. Then came the furious controversy about "Essays and Reviews," and the troubles in South Africa for which Bishop Colenso was responsible. In all these cries the Church of England learned that her union with the State afforded but little guarantee for the maintenance of orthodoxy or of ecclesiastical order; and that those prime necessities of her life must be secured by recourse to her spiritual powers and by a resolute appeal from Cæsar to God. None of these events were without their effect on Mr. Gladstone's mind, and the change of conviction which had so long been silently proceeding found emphatic and startling expression in his dealings with English Church-Rates and with the Irish Establishment. In 1868 he published his memorable "Chapter of Autobiography," and from that time on it was obvious that he had ceased to believe in the principle of religious Establishment. A principle has no geographical limits, and if the establishment of religion rested on principle, it must be maintained in Ireland as well as elsewhere. If, on the other hand, Disestablishment in Ireland involved no sacrifice of principle, then the whole question of a religious Establishment became a matter of expediency—of wisdom and

prudence, and constitutional stability. It was to be considered with reference to time and place and circumstances; and, if these considerations should at any time prove unfavorable to it, there was no sacred and immutable ground on which it could be defended from its enemies.

Though he could no longer defend it on the ground of principle, it is probable that Mr. Gladstone still clung to Establishment as a matter of high expediency; but even in this respect his opinion was considerably modified by the practical experience of 1876-1880. The Bulgarian horrors had kindled a flame of national indignation, and yet, under the administration of Lord Beaconsfield, there was the most imminent danger that Christian England would be committed to a war on behalf of the great anti-Christian Power by which those horrors had been instigated or condoned. Some splendid exceptions there were, but the great bulk of the Established clergy supported Lord Beaconsfield and the Turk; and many sober Churchmen, who had never before concerned themselves with Disestablishment, began to ask themselves what was the good of maintaining an Establishment, if the authorized teachers of religion thus threw their weight on to the immoral and anti-Christian side. For my own part, I cannot doubt that some such "obstinate questionings" have, ever since that date, haunted Mr. Gladstone's mind.

In all subsequent dealings with ecclesiastical problems—such as the Public Worship Regulation Bill, the Burials Bill, and the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the creation of new bishoprics at home, and the extension of the Church abroad—the effects of these questionings manifested themselves. All Mr. Gladstone's efforts were now directed to strengthening the Church in her interior and spiritual life, and relaxing the tightness of her hold on the framework of the State. He remained *qualis ab incepto*, a perfectly religious man and a Christian in the fullest sense of Pliny's definition—

a worshipper of Jesus Christ as God. He remained, as he had been at least since 1838, a loyal disciple of the Church of England, as a true and living part of the Holy Catholic Church. But one great change had passed over his ecclesiastical views. Though always a vehement enemy of Erastianism, he was once a passionate advocate of the closest union between the separate entities of Church and State. He gradually became, in sympathy and temper, if not in formal theory, a Free Churchman.

Among the many absurd fables of which Mr. Gladstone has been made the subject is the story that he had strong leanings towards Romanism. This delusion found a suitable exponent in the late Mr. Whalley, M. P., who actually went so far as to ask Mr. Gladstone, as a matter of public concern, if he was a member of the Church of Rome; and, in the hubbub which preceded the disestablishment of the Irish Church, Mr. Gladstone found it necessary to publish a denial of the statement, reiterated by the supporters of the Establishment, that "when at Rome I made arrangements with the Pope to destroy the Church Establishment in Ireland, with some other like matters, being myself a Roman Catholic at heart."

For my own part, I never knew a stouter anti-Romanist than Mr. Gladstone. "Romanism is a tyranny all through. A tyranny of the priest over the layman, of the bishop over the priest, of the Pope over the bishop;" this is certainly the substance, and these are very nearly the words, of a sentence which I have heard from his lips. And his anti-papal outburst in "Vaticanism" and its connected pamphlets, though it astonished the world, contained nothing which was novel to those who knew the interior of his mind. It may be worth while to recall the passage which awoke the storm. Ridiculing the notion that a handful of Ritualistic clergy could, if they would, Romanize the Church of England, he said:—

At no time since the sanguinary reign of Mary has such a scheme been possible. But, if it had been possible in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, it would still have become impossible in the nineteenth, when Rome has substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem* a policy of violence and change in faith; when she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused; when no one can become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another; and when she has equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history. I cannot persuade myself to feel alarm as to the final issue of her crusades in England, and this although I do not undervalue her great powers of mischief.

It is to be borne in mind that this passage occurred in an article evoked by the Public Worship Act of 1874, and entitled "Ritual and Ritualism." In this paper Mr. Gladstone maintained with great earnestness the lawfulness and expediency of moderate ritual in the services of the Church of England. He claimed for ritual apostolic authorization in St. Paul's words, "Let all things be done decently and in order," or, as he more exactly renders the Greek, "in right, graceful or becoming figure, and by fore-ordered arrangement."

Yet he himself was never, in any sense, a Ritualist. On March 11, 1867, he wrote:—

Yesterday I saw, for the first time, the service in a Ritualistic church proper. There was much in it that I did not like, could not defend as good, perhaps could not claim toleration for. But that must be in the last—the very last—resort.

This sentence exactly expresses Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards Ritualism. He defended the liberty of those who, within the wide latitude allowed by the prayer-book, sought to introduce or restore material beauty and sumptuousness in public worship. He maintained the right of the Church to settle these matters for herself in her own ecclesiastical tribunals. On the morrow of the Lambeth Judgment he

wrote to a friend of the Bishop of Lincoln:—

Pray make my kindest and best respects to the bishop. I hope, and incline to think, that some principles of deep moment have gained a ground from which they will not be easily dislodged.

But, while thus solicitous for the unhampered development of what others felt to be helpful and becoming and edifying, his own spiritual nature was little dependent on such accessories. It was not that he did not know a fine building from an ugly one, or good music from bad, or even a well-ordered from a slovenly ceremonial. He was keenly alive to the esthetic shortcomings of the English nature. But he so profoundly realized the vital reality of Christian worship—he was, in prayer and communion, so absolutely *solas cum Solo*—that, as far as his own personal needs were concerned, ritual and decoration and vestment and posture were the merest mint and anise and cummin of the spiritual economy.

Mr. Gladstone was not a Romanizer and not a Ritualist; and he could not, with his own consent, have been styled a Puseyite, a Newmanite, or even a Tractarian. In the spiritual sphere he called no man master; but his predilections may perhaps be inferred from the fact that he wished to place Dean Church on the throne of Canterbury, and that he once instanced Bishop Wilkinson (now of St. Andrew's) as the type and model of orthodox Anglicanism.

With the Broad Church school it would be generally assumed that Mr. Gladstone had little or no sympathy; and yet an intellect so prone to theorization, and so steeped in the religious philosophy of Butler and Coleridge, could scarcely fail to make occasional excursions into theological speculation beyond the rigid limits of the High Church school. Instances of this tendency may be seen in his championship of Maurice when the Council of King's College condemned him, and his emphatic protest against the elevation of

private opinions on eternal punishment to the rank of Catholic dogmas; in his eulogy of "Ecce Homo;" in his resolute determination to secure the advancement of Doctor Temple (which cost him Doctor Pusey's friendship); in his imperfect sympathy with the public use of the Athanasian Creed; and, more recently, in his disparagement of the doctrine of natural immortality. The only school of religious thought (if, indeed, it can by any stretch of courtesy be called religious) for which Mr. Gladstone had no tolerance was Erastianism. In 1876 he wrote:—

If we follow the Erastian idea, it does not matter what God we worship or how we worship Him, provided we derive both belief and worship from the civil ruler, or hold them subject to his orders. Many most respectable persons have been, or have thought themselves to be, Erastians; but the system, in the developments of which it is capable, is among the most debased ever known to man.

Mr. Gladstone would himself have claimed to be an historical Catholic, and his loyal adhesion to the Catholic doctrines concerning the Church, the Priesthood and the Sacraments abundantly justified the claim. But his religion rested on an even deeper and stronger foundation. He was, first and last and in the innermost core of his being, an Evangelical, clinging with the strong and simple assurance of a childlike faith, to the great central realities of personal sinfulness and personal salvation through the Cross of Christ. In this faith he lived from his boyhood up to the eighty-ninth year of a life spent in the most engrossing and distracting of secular occupations. That life has been a living epistle, "loyal," as Doctor Pusey wrote in 1865, "to the Church, to the Faith, and to God;" scrupulously exact in duty, yet never too busy for constant and profound devotion; conversant with the highest functions of statesmanship and governance, yet always stooping to offices of a "humble and humbling character" (the words are his own) for the glory of God in

the service of His creatures. The late Mr. W. Cory, who was examined by him at Eton in 1841, wrote: "He was the first young Good Man I had ever seen. He seemed to me an apostle of unworldly ardor, bridling his life." One who had been intimately acquainted with ecclesiastical authorities in two communions said: "No ecclesiastic I have ever known made on me such an impression of sanctity as Mr. Gladstone." Another wrote: "The dignity, the order, the simplicity, and, above all, the fervent and manly piety of his daily life, form a spectacle far more impressive than his most magnificent performances in Parliament or on the platform." For my own part, I forbear to utter all that is in my heart. It is enough to say that, when I utter the prayer, "*Sit anima mea cum Sanctis,*" the name of William Ewart Gladstone will always rise unbidden to my lips and mingle with the aspiration. For us, who have known him and loved him, his departure is desolation; for him it is a translation. His life has been "hid with Christ in God," and "death is swallowed up in victory."

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.
Ascension Day, 1898.

From *The Argosy*.
HIS OTHER SELF.

When I, Alexander Ogilvie, M. D., am dead, and people turn out the contents of my desk, I wonder what they will think of this treasure? It is a scrap of paper apparently torn out of an old copy-book, and scrawled over in a childish hand with the names of Laurie Pryce and Tom Robertson.

That bit of paper has brought back to me the days when it was scrawled. I have not thought of those days for years and years!

I had not begun my medical student life then, though I had it in prospect. A great deal came between my school-days and my student days, and so it was necessary for me to rub up my Latin and mechanics to make sure of

passing my "preliminary." Therefore I went to stay in the family of a retired Somerset House clerk, who lived in a house up a little clean-paved court, which opened from St. Martin's Lane, and ended with a green gate, admitting a congregation of Friends to their Meeting House.

My host, Mr. Pryce, was a widower with one child, a boy named Laurie. Laurie had been the maiden name of the deceased Mrs. Pryce. The house was kept by Mrs. Pryce's sister, Miss Emmot Laurie. She was assisted by one old servant who was never called anything but "Jane."

Some of the windows overlooked the yard of the Friends' Meeting House, and others opened upon a blank wall. Everything was very clean and quiet, but frightfully dull. The furniture was half worn out, though it was very carefully kept. One could cut one's finger on the sharp edges of the silver spoons. The china was all delicate and the linen fine. I was terrified to move for fear I tore or broke something. I believe Miss Emmot was frightened for my sake. She stood in awe of her brother-in-law, and was always in distress lest little Laurie should not come up to his expectations as to goodness or cleverness.

"The Pryces have all been so clever," she used to say, deprecatingly. I never heard Mr. Pryce make any remark about the Lauries. When Miss Pryce casually mentioned them, he always preserved a silence which did not seem complimentary.

I remember that the first night I stayed there I thought to myself, "This is the sort of house where people see ghosts!" It was my bedstead put that into my head—a starved-looking four-poster, with faded moreen curtains. I found afterwards that Miss Emmot firmly believed she had seen a ghost—the ghost of a living woman—of Mrs. Pryce before she died.

She told me the story one rainy afternoon, when we were alone in the little sitting-room where Mrs. Pryce's harp stood, and where hung a ghastly pre-

sentment of her, done in a style never seen now. Indeed, I never saw one such in any other house, though there must have been many, since the "artist" who executed them lived in a fashionable West-End studio and had a show-case at his door. It was a profile portrait modelled in wax, with a colored glass eye, the "real hair" of the deceased arranged on head and brow, and a piece of a dress she had actually worn draped about the shoulders. I am certain that Miss Emmot secretly loathed the thing, but felt herself to be very wicked for so doing, since it had been executed under Mr. Pryce's express directions, and was to be regarded as a testimony of his connubial love and reverence.

Miss Laurie told her ghost story in whispers—she spoke much in whispers out of respect for Mr. Pryce's studies. She said she had left her sister in her bed-room on the second floor, lying on her sofa, from which, indeed, she was not able to rise. Miss Emmot had gone down-stairs to attend to some household duty, and on her way upstairs again she had seen her sister standing at the window on the first-floor landing, looking out. That for a moment Miss Emmot was glad, thinking Mrs. Pryce must feel better, but that, when the figure turned, taking no notice of her, and walked slowly into the study, she felt "there was something queer." Following into the study, she found nobody there but Mr. Pryce busy at his desk, and going next to Mrs. Pryce's apartment, she saw her as she had left her—helpless on the sofa.

"Then I knew my sister would die," Miss Emmot added impressively, looking at me with her earnest eyes. But for a strange light in those eyes, Miss Emmot was a dim person, slight and nimble, with hair and complexion sandy in hue, the complexion pale like the dry hollows under the links by the sea, the hair darker like the wet lip of the sand. And indeed her very eyes were like wave-washed pebbles, for I don't know what their color was; they may have been grey or green, or

brown or yellow, or a little of each color.

"Did you tell Mr. Pryce?" I asked.

"Oh—oh, no!" she answered, as if the idea was astonishing to her. "I should not have liked to disturb him."

I thought she meant that she had shrunk from distressing him with what she had felt to be ominous.

"You told him afterwards?" I suggested.

She shook her head.

"I would not think of mentioning such things to him," she said. "He would call them nonsense."

But she had told Jane, and Jane had told Laurie. I saw the boy look curiously at the two women, as the one sat at the head of the table and the other "waited," on a certain occasion when Mr. Pryce pompously descanted on the "falseness" and "wickedness" of any of those mysteries which we do not understand, and which he called "all superstition." He would not listen to any of my suggestions; he would not allow that some of those who say they have seen ghosts may at least honestly believe they have seen something, be it what it may; he would not take into consideration any conditions of nervous exaltation or depression; in short, he would not admit that there could be anything in heaven or earth not dreamed of in his very narrow philosophy.

"All lies, sir—interested lies; told for some object! I have never seen anything mysterious; I have never had any wonderful dreams, or premonitions, or anything of the sort. Neither has any respectable and sensible person known to me; such a person, say, as one would venture to employ in a position of trust in one's own household. No, sir. And now, Master Laurie"—for thus he generally addressed his son—"what is going on at school to-day?"

This was his regular question, but he never seemed to care much for the reply. Yet I am certain Mr. Pryce regarded himself as a model father, though his paternal functions were limited to scanning Laurie's school re-

ports and to fault-finding. It may be said that, at any rate, he also paid the bills. But I heard, by and by, that he had "retired" on the strength of his wife's little fortune, and that Miss Emmot also had an income which went into the housekeeping. Indeed, he founded his pretensions on this very basis.

"Learned men," he said, "do not make money."

Miss Emmot dutifully accepted the statement without being enough of a logician to retort that all men who do not make money are not, therefore, learned.

Besides, Mr. Pryce had written two books, which, in his sister-in-law's eyes, set him on a pedestal above ordinary mortals. One was a treatise on grammar, and the other was a volume of political essays. When he saw Miss Emmot enjoying one of Walter Scott's novels, he was wont to say, with a gentle but studied reproachfulness:—

"I never see you dipping into my solid works."

He kept these works in double sets, one set bound in Russia—which had been his marriage present to his wife—the other bound in cloth for lending. There were two or three dilapidated toadies, Mr. Pryce's only visitors, who used to borrow these books, coming up and asking for them. It was their system of earning a little loan, or the gift of an old hat or coat. The baser sort find a very profitable pursuit in fostering vanity. The greater the block-head the more will he pay for hearing that he is an unappreciated genius.

Whenever Miss Emmot asked her nephew what place he had in class, he generally replied, though with sundry small variations:—

"About where I was yesterday; but Tom Robertson is at the top of the class."

"Tom Robertson seems always there," observed Miss Emmot, while Mr. Pryce once actually condescended to remark:—

"If Laurie had any spirit that would fire his emulation."

Laurie ventured to say: "Tom Robertson works so well because he is allowed a fire and a candle in his bedroom, and his mother goes up and sits with him and explains his lessons."

But Mr. Pryce was conveniently absorbed in his newspaper.

Laurie talked a great deal about Tom Robertson. When his aunt said she must think of buying him some new clothes, Laurie told us that Tom had got a velvet jacket for best, which he wore when he went out with his father. Whereupon Mr. Pryce jeered, and asked if the father also took a barrel-organ, and then Tom would do for the attendant monkey!

On holidays, Laurie was very fond of taking a book and resorting to the "leads" at the top of the house, whence he could see little but the spire of St. Martin's Church and the roof of the old workhouse in Hemming's Row. "Jane's" bed-room opened upon this retreat, which she used sometimes for drying clothes. Laurie told us that Tom Robertson spent his holidays in the country with an uncle who had been abroad. Tom had a pony to ride, and Tom went out in a boat. Tom had climbed a mountain and had sat down on the top, whence he could see the sea and ten counties. Tom had once gone off with the gipsies, and had stayed in their tents for two or three days. Tom said that when it was too late for people to want their fortunes told, the gipsies dropped the tent curtains and spread velvet carpets on the ground, and ate their stolen fowls and poached hares, with their fingers, off silver plate. He said there was a queen among the gipsies, and she put real diamonds in her black hair. Tom had been very sorry to leave the gipsies; he meant to go back some day.

"How he must have frightened his poor mother!" sighed Miss Emmot.

"I believe Tom is a depraved little liar!" said Mr. Pryce. "I have an instinctive dislike to that boy; and my instincts always prove correct!"

"Have you seen much of him, sir?" I asked.

"Him—no. Caught sight of him

once or twice with Laurie in the street. But to a keen eye, sir—a keen eye—a first impression is everything." Then he added hastily, careful to keep up his character of a watchful father: "Of course the youth belongs to respectable people, sir—highly respectable family; otherwise I should not allow Laurie to associate with him. I don't think one can be too particular."

Laurie looked at his father with wide eyes and lips a little apart.

I could not make out Laurie Pryce's expression. He had some very definite thought in his small mind, I was sure of that.

"Tom Robertson isn't a liar!" he said solemnly.

Mr. Pryce laughed.

"People who are so ready to be sure others are not liars, run risk of making liars of themselves," said he.

One morning, Laurie said to me in a matter-of-fact way:—

"This is my birthday, Mr. Ogilvie."

"Dear me!" I cried. "Why didn't somebody tell me yesterday? Where are all your presents? It's a shame to shut me out of the Jollification!"

"I don't have presents, thank you," said Laurie. "Aunt Emmot gave me a top once. But father doesn't believe in presents. He said it would be time enough for birthday presents when I get old enough to give them to him."

He went on presently: "Tom Robertson keeps his birthdays. His mother goes into his room in the morning before he's out of bed, and says all sorts of nice things, and when he goes down-stairs there are parcels all round his place, and letters. And they have a goose for dinner, and cake and crackers at tea. They all go to the circus at night."

"Have you ever been to the circus?" I asked.

Laurie shook his head. "No," he answered; "but I know what it's like by the pictures on the posters. Tom says he'd like to go to the circus every night."

"He'd soon get tired of that," I remarked.

"Yes, he'd soon get tired of that."

Laurie echoed patiently. He was a child with a pale face and cold hands.

"Is Tom older than you?" I inquired.

"He's just about the same age," he answered. Then he looked up at me and added: "He's a little older: he's just ahead of me."

I supposed this meant that Tom's birthday had preceeded Laurie's by two or three months.

"Has he many brothers and sisters?" I asked, carelessly, "making talk," for Laurie seemed to me a dull little soul, and I was sorry for him, though I didn't care a bit about him in the way of liking.

Laurie started. "No," he said, "there's only Tom himself. At least, there's a little sister—a little wee tiny thing. Tom's very fond of her. He says she's to live with him when she's grown up, and she's to keep his house. Tom says his mamma is the most beautiful lady there ever was, and his sister is to be exactly like her."

"I hope he won't be disappointed," I said. "But our sisters, somehow, never do come up to our mothers! Does this Robertson family attend St. Martin's Church?"

(For we went there. A dreary place it was in those days, with high, old "sleeping pews," and a kind of three-decker pulpit, for the vicar and curate and the clerk, the whole surmounted by a sounding-board like a table-topped cedar. That sounding-board used to flaunt its neglected dustiness under the very eyes of the dukes and duchesses who then sat in the front pews in the gallery, to say nothing of "the Lords of the Admiralty," who, according to Miss Emmot, monopolized two curious erections at each side of the chancel, something like very substantial opera-boxes, with sashed windows by which the occupants could, if they chose, shut themselves away from all the sounds going on in the sacred edifice.)

Laurie shook his head again. "No; Tom goes to Westminster Abbey," he said. "I've been there once—one Sunday afternoon. But Tom goes there regular. I don't think Tom would go

anywhere else. He says the music is like the cherubim and seraphim—especially what the chorister-boys sing by themselves."

"Why, Tom must be quite a connoisseur!" I laughed.

"What's that?" asked Laurie, quickly. "Is it anything bad?"

"Oh dear, no," I answered—"it only means he is a first-rate judge."

"Tom wants to be a judge," confided Laurie. "He thinks it would be grand to pardon poor, helpless people and get them their rights, and to sit on the woolsack. And he admires the look of the lawyers' wigs. But he says sometimes he'd like to be cast away on a desert island. And I know he wishes he'd been Robin Hood."

"Tom must be a nonsensical lad," said Mr. Pryce, who had come into the room while we were talking. "If he was my little boy, he'd have to understand he must go into a counting-house or a shop."

"Isn't it possible to be Robinson Crusoe or Robin Hood even in an office or a shop?" I suggested. But I knew Mr. Pryce would not understand me. What he did not understand he invariably regarded as foolish, and never condescended to notice it unless, of course, it occurred in Miss Emmot or Laurie—when he rebuked it.

Once, Laurie told us how, when he had been playing on the Adelphi Terrace, a big boy had snatched a doll from a little girl and had thrown it across the palings into the soft mud which the receding tide left in front of the wharves below. (There was no embankment in those days.) He said the little girl, "who was all dressed in black," had cried terribly. Gentle Aunt Emmot was quite touched by the pity of it, and asked Laurie what he had done in the way of comfort.

"I didn't do anything," he said; "I just stood and watched. A lame old man told her 'not to cry,' but that made no difference."

"Could you not have run round by the stairway at the end of the terrace, and got the doll?" asked Aunt Emmot. "The little girl might have managed

to get the mud cleaned off, and even your doing it would have been something. There's nothing takes out the taste of injustice so well as kindness, even if it isn't of much use."

This was quite a long speech for her.

"Tom Robertson went round by the stairway," Laurie related, "and he got the doll. It was not so very dirty because it was only made of rag, and was light and didn't sink."

"Wasn't the little girl very grateful?" asked the aunt.

"Well, she was vexed that one of the doll's shoes was gone," Laurie replied.

"Anyhow, Tom Robertson showed himself a thoughtful, brave little gentleman, that's all I can say," was Aunt Emmot's comment. "I should like you to have been able to tell the story of yourself, Laurie."

"But Tom got into an awful mess," said Laurie, with a queer little laugh. "The mud went quite through his shoes and stockings, and I don't believe his trousers will ever come right again!"

"Ah, well!" sighed Aunt Emmot, "and your trousers are new. I don't know what your father would have said. And you always catch cold when you get wet feet."

I did not like it in Laurie Pryce, that for all his talk about Tom, he didn't seem to have an honest boy's hero-worship for him. Some of his narratives almost had the abominable ring of tale-telling!

Then we heard that Tom Robertson had got a dog. It was a stray, which had followed him in the street, and he had taken it home. Laurie said stray dogs often followed Tom, and he gave them part of his lunch. Also the Robertsons kept three cats, and there was generally a kitten.

Aunt Emmot observed that she was sure it was a good sign in people when they liked animals. Mr. Pryce said maybe; certainly animals were very well in their place; cattle should be kindly treated or they were damaged as human food, and any fool might understand it was one's interest to use

horses kindly, but as for cats, they scratched furniture and made horrible noises at night, and dogs sometimes got hydrophobia. He did not believe in wasting food or affection on useless animals when so many human beings needed both.

I ventured to remark that I did not think any human beings get less food or affection for either that are given to animals; probably they get rather the more, because the practice of giving anything is apt to grow into a general habit.

Aunt Emmot said that really she should like a cat. But she spoke hopelessly, as of the unattainable.

I asked Laurie why we never saw Tom Robertson. By Laurie's own account they were always together, and yet when I chanced to encounter Laurie in the street—as I did pretty often—he was always alone, creeping along, either close under the walls or else on the very edge of the curbstone. I asked why Tom was never invited to tea; I even hinted that on some fine half-holiday I might take both the boys to the Zoo or the Tower. I began to want to make Tom's acquaintance on my own account, for I was a stranger in the neighborhood, the house was horribly dull, and it seemed to me that he must be really a jolly little fellow. For day after day I heard many little things about him which I have not been able to put into this story; how he rang the bells of the houses all the way down St. Martin's Lane, how he fought the bully of the class, how he sent a valentine to the parish beadle, how he fell in love with a little girl at the Ladies' School near Covent Garden, and used to stand in the avenue of St. Paul's churchyard, flashing a bit of broken looking-glass into her school-room while she was at her drawing-lessons. Tom wrote some "poetry" too, which Laurie repeated to us. I remember one verse; I have often caught myself mechanically repeating it:—

If your walls are so narrow
You cannot see far,

Knock a hole in your ceiling,
And look at a star!

It seemed to me there must be really something in Tom. Certainly I, who had never seen him, knew far more of him than I did of Laurie, who was with me every day. Laurie's own personality was most insipid. If one asked him whether he liked or disliked anything, he answered, "Yes, thank you," or "No, thank you," as seemed to him to be the correct thing. But he told Tom's likes and dislikes plainly enough, even in Tom's own vigorous language! I could never help wondering how Tom had patience with such a nincompoop.

I was still a resident in the house when Laurie caught a bad cold. He had been sitting out on the leads on one of those autumn days when the subtle winter change enters the air and lays deadly fingers on anything that is not warm with an inner vitality. I could not wonder that Laurie did not quickly throw off his insidious enemy. I did not know much of medicine then, but I had an instinct, which my experience has confirmed, that drugs and dieting are seldom more than helps to uphold a constitution till it rallies itself from any shock it may have received. If there's no constitution there, it is not much that drugs and diet can do. But it's odd, sometimes, how little will set a constitution going again. So when I saw that poor Miss Emmot's potions and potages were all unavailing, I suggested that we should invite Tom to cheer up his friend. I volunteered to go to the Robertsons' house, to guarantee to the parents that Laurie had nothing "catching." I wanted to bring Tom in as a surprise to the invalid. But when Miss Emmot and I conferred, we both discovered that we didn't know the Robertsons' exact address. She thought it was in Lancaster Place, and I fancied it was in Leicester Square. We felt sure that the Robertsons had lived in one of these places, and must have removed to the other. But this put an end to the scheme for a stimulating surprise. And Laurie was asleep when I went to

his room to question him. Next morning he had severe symptoms of acute pneumonia, and any idea of a visitor became impossible.

He only lived three days; he made no fight for his life. From the first of the attack he wandered in his mind. He talked a great deal about Tom. He thought Tom was in the room, and he spoke to him and then answered himself—answered quite in keeping with Tom's character, and after Tom's manner of speech. There are a great many strange things about delirium.

Mr. Pryce did not see much of his son during his illness. At first he pooh-poohed it. When it grew unmistakably serious, he said his feelings were too sensitive to bear such a scene, but a bedside was a woman's sphere, and was to be my professional arena. So only Aunt Emmot and I were with little Laurie when he died.

Laurie's schoolmaster came up to ask about his pupil's last days, and to look upon him in his coffin. Aunt Emmot was very grateful to him for this attention, and for the kind words he spoke about Laurie's abilities and steadiness.

"I am glad he was appreciated," she sobbed, "for, God forgive me, I did wish sometimes that he might get a little more like that dear lad, his great friend!"

"I am so glad to hear he had a boy friend," said the teacher. "I was afraid he was one of these who go alone too much, which is never wholesome. It is a pity he didn't fraternize with some of his own schoolfellows."

Aunt Emmot looked vaguely at me. She was in such a state of bewildered grief that she might have let this remark pass without any inquiry or comment. But I knew what she had been saying before the schoolmaster came in, so I spoke.

"His chief friend was one of your boys, sir," I said. "And I know Miss Laurie was desirous of sending a message to that boy. Perhaps you will convey it. She wished to tell him that she had hoped to invite him to see her nephew once more in life, and that,

when it was too late for that, and Laurie was wandering, he talked of nothing but Tom Robertson."

"Aye," said the poor lady; "he would have it Tom was sitting on the bed with him, and Laurie told him he'd got his cold dawdling on the damp leads, and he made believe that Tom answered that 'Laurie must be particular to pronounce the 'p.' I suppose that's Tom's funny way; and I'm sure he's a dear boy, and Laurie loved him, and so do I, for Laurie's sake," and she wept anew.

"Mr. Pryce thought young Robertson may wish to follow the funeral," I whispered. (Mr. Pryce was getting up quite an imposing procession.)

The schoolmaster looked from one to the other with bewilderment. Then he drew me aside, and said:—

"Tell the family I will do what I can to further their wishes, but please come outside with me, Mr. Ogilvie—I think I can speak to you better in the street."

What he had to say was that there must be some very queer mistake, for he had no pupil of the name of Tom Robertson. He never had had one! He was so distressed about the matter, that he insisted on my going home with him and examining his books. Then we turned up the directory for Lancaster Place and Leicester Square, and there were no Robertsons living in either. There were Robertsons in King William Street, and we made some inquiries and found that the family consisted of an aged man and three old-maid daughters.

There was a bully in Laurie's class—the bully "Tom Robertson" was supposed to have thrashed. I had his name and his nature right enough, and the schoolmaster recognized him at once, yet nobody knew anything about his day of humiliation. When we asked the beadle if he had received a valentine last February, he answered indignantly, "Most certainly not—there was nobody livin' would have the himpidence." Of course we could not find out if there was anything at the bottom of the doll-in-the-mud story.

"I can understand it all," I said, at the close of our confabulation. "Tom Robertson is just Laurie Pryce as he wished to be, and might have been." I thought with a curious pang of the discouragement which had been thrown on the poor child's tentative narratives of Tom's prowess, not only by Mr. Pryce, but even by the interested and admiring aunt. And I—I had wanted to know "Tom," and had despised the soul which had created him out of its own missed possibilities!

The schoolmaster and I agreed that unless there was some direct occasion for telling the whole truth, we would keep silence. The schoolmaster was considerate for Mr. Pryce (he did not know him very well), and was afraid he might be hurt by this posthumous discovery of "untruthfulness." I was sorry rather for Aunt Emmot, for I felt she might be remorseful. But I did not much anticipate that they would renew the topic of the Robertson's. Mr. Pryce, at least, was too much absorbed in the funeral arrangements, in a death mask he was getting made, and in a memoir he was writing. As for Aunt Emmot, I knew she was given to let life in general slip by, like ill-discerned scenery in a fog. She never asked me a question; though she did remark:—

"I should have thought such a boy as Tom Robertson might have come to see me just for once. Laurie must surely have talked about me. Yet, perhaps it is not the boy's own blame, Mr. Ogilvie. The parents may not care to keep up the acquaintance."

Long afterwards, when I had left the place, I returned to visit her. I found her alone in the dismal sitting-room, with the effigies of her sister and her nephew. Mr. Pryce was in his study, which got all the sunshine that ever came into that house, and had red curtains and Art-Union engravings on the wall. Aunt Emmot said to me:—

"It's very strange, isn't it, that whenever I think of our dear Laurie it seems easier to remember that boy Tom Robertson, whom I never saw?"

Laurie is fading from my mind like a dream. It makes me feel quite unnatural!"

"When you remember Tom Robertson you do remember Laurie," I said. "For Tom was—what Laurie loved."

She said I had the art of saying soothing things, and she hoped they might be true. Tom must be growing up; she hoped he was not much changed.

I said I thought Tom was not made of the stuff which changes much.

And this bit of writing that I have stored away in my desk is Laurie's—or "Tom's"; for where one is, there is the other. Each answers to the other's name. But what about Tom's mother, and the little sister, and the wonderful uncle, and the dog, who all helped to make Tom what he was? I have not lost my own faith in Tom, and so they must be where he is—somewhere.

Is this dreaming, or is it the awakening out of dreams?

I. FYVIE MAYO.

From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.
OLD-FASHIONED ADVERTISING.

There is a constant war between the commercial and the editorial departments of newspapers as to the relative importance of advertisements and "reading matter." The distinction is perhaps arbitrary, for it is commonly believed that women, whose patronage is not to be despised, after reading the birth, marriages and deaths, run through the advertisement columns, and then throw the paper down as exhausted. It is quite certain that, in looking over the files of old newspapers, you will find the advertisements not the least interesting part of the contents. Parliament and courts go on forever, and a debate or a lawsuit of 1897 is not very unlike a debate or a lawsuit of 1797; but there is a subtle fluctuation in the attitude of the tradesman to his customer, the Public, and of the terms in which it is thought proper to approach him. The shop-keeper of a cen-

tury ago was obsequiousness itself. He did not rudely importune his patrons to "Come and Buy," nor did he announce "Startling Bargains" in indelicately large type. He humbly "solicited patronage;" he was agitated by "a lively sense of gratitude" for past favors; in his most enterprising moments he only "earnestly requested" the Public to honor his poor establishment with its benign presence.

Even official announcements have lost in quaintness what they have gained in conciseness. Perhaps the increasing charge for insertion has had a good deal to do with the greater peremptoriness of nineteenth century advertisements. Then it has to be remembered that a century ago was a time of national excitement, and in moments of stress even officials may lose their self-consciousness and remember that they also are flesh. Bonaparte was carrying havoc over the Continent; Spain had declared war against England; and we had several other little affairs on our hands. The papers swarm with adjurations to enlist. The Hon. Society of Gray's Inn offers to "give Twenty Guineas, without any deduction whatever, to any man who shall be approved by the Regulating Officer. No Volunteer who shall enter as above can be arrested for debt, or taken out of His Majesty's service, but for a criminal matter." One wonders what the tradesmen must have thought of an inducement so contrary to their interests. In spite of its dubious morality, the same offer was made by the vestries of St. James's, Westminster; St. Luke, Chelsea; "Mary-le-bone," and several other parishes. A postscript mentions that "persons enrolled are not liable to serve more than one Calendar Month after the end of the present War." One of the advertisements is more patriotic than the rest. It is headed:—

SPANISH WAR! SPANISH WAR!
SPANISH WAR! OLD ENGLAND
FOR EVER! HUZZA! HUZZA!
HUZZA!

That was the ebullition of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

But it was not all patriotism even then. The government had on their own responsibility made a grant of £1,200,000 to "our ally, the emperor"—meaning the emperor of Germany—to enable him the better to resist the onslaughts of France. That incident supplies the necessary explanation to the announcement in the *Times* of December 16 that

IN A MEETING or ASSEMBLY of the MAYOR, ALDERMEN and LIVERYMEN of the several COMPANIES of the CITY OF LONDON, in Common Hall Assembled, at the Guildhall of the said City, on Wednesday, the 14th day of December, 1796,

Resolved: "That this Common Hall do instruct their Representatives in Parliament to move or support a Motion in the House of Commons for censuring the Ministers, for having taken upon themselves to send the Money of the People of Great Britain to the Emperor of Germany, during the sitting of Parliament, without the consent of Parliament."

It is clear that Mr. Labouchere missed an opportunity by not being born a century before he was. He would certainly have been pained to read this bellicose announcement:—

MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE FOR ENCOURAGING THE CAPTURE OF FRENCH PRIVATEERS, ARMED VESSELS, &c. RAWSON AISLABIE, Esq., in the Chair.

Resolved: "That Capt. R. Bowen, of His Majesty's ship 'Terpsichore,' be requested by this Committee to accept a piece of plate, value 100 guineas, in acknowledgment of his very gallant behavior in the capture of the Spanish Frigate 'Mahonesa,' of superior force, in the action of the 13th of October last."

Those were trying days for the postmaster-general, as well as for the foreign secretary. Here is a pathetic reminiscence of the times when all the Manchester letters went into one bag:—

General Post Office, Dec. 17, 1796.

The Post-boy, carrying the North Mail from Warrington to Chester, was stopped on Monday evening, the 5th inst., between 7 and 8 o'clock, within a mile of Chester, by a Man on foot, who took

from him the Mail, containing the Manchester, Warrington and Frodsham bags of letters.

The Robber was dressed in a blue jacket and white trousers, and had an oil-case cover to his hat.

Whoever shall apprehend and convict, or cause to be apprehended and convicted, the person who committed this robbery will be entitled to a reward of *Two Hundred Pounds* over and above the reward given by Act of Parliament for apprehending of Highwaymen; and if any accomplice in the robbery, or knowing thereof, shall surrender himself and make discovery, whereby the person who committed the same may be apprehended and brought to justice, such discoverer will be entitled to the said reward of Two Hundred Pounds, and will also receive His Majesty's most gracious pardon.

By command of the Postmaster-General.

ANTH. TODD, Secretary.

Letters often miscarried in that way. Just a fortnight before, the same official advertises that

THE Bags that should have arrived this morning from the following Towns are missing:—

Louth,	Grantham,
Horncastle,	Caltersworth,
Boston,	Baerne,
Spalding,	Stamford,
Deeping,	Waresford,
Peterborough,	Oundle,
Stilton,	Thrapstone,
Sleaford.	

Much is to be learned from the theatrical advertisements. The great hat question must be at least a century old, for we read that "the Public are earnestly requested to observe that Ladies dressed in bonnets, or Gentlemen in boots, cannot be admitted into the pit of the Opera." That was at the King's Theatre, where the prices were: pit, 10s. 6d.; gallery, 5s. The pit, of course, corresponded to to-day's stalls. Italian opera—forgotten things by Guglielmi, Bianchi, Sacchini and others whom the advertisements call "Masters"—held the boards. It seems, however, that the performances were subject to interruptions of a kind which are now out of date, for the advertisement goes on:—

Gentlemen are most earnestly entreated not to remain upon the Stage during the representation of the Grand Ballet, in which so many persons are necessarily employed that the effect will be utterly destroyed if the performance is interrupted by the presence of persons upon the Stage who are not engaged in the business of the Ballet.

At the circuses, where the gallery was 1*s.*, and you could get a box for 4*s.*, there were more exciting things than Guglielmi. "The celebrated Mr. Smith," for example, "will, for this night only, take a most surprising Leap over Twenty Soldiers, with shouldered firelocks and fixed bayonets, and will take a most surprising Leap through a long Shower of Fire." Another gentleman was to dance a tight rope, and beat two drums at the same time, "balancing one on his chin, the other fixed to his middle, accompanying the Band to several favorite tunes, the same never attempted by any other Performer."

The tradesmen's advertisements read oddly to-day. It suggests Arcadia to read that Mr. Hutchins has, out of a sense of his duty to the Public, resolved "to keep a number of Cows at his Wharf, in Water Street, Strand," where the said Public was respectfully requested to come and see them milked. Mr. Mackay, of 29 Princes Street, Soho, alludes to his Potted Shrimps as "the above combination of Nature and Art," and remarks that "Sandwiches of them are much resorted to by gentlemen in a forenoon, particularly by those who may have made too free with the Bottle on the preceding evening." The ingenious vendor does not seem to have seen that the fact of a gentleman munching a shrimp sandwich cast grave suspicion on his yesterday's behavior. Our great-grandmothers can hardly have resisted the temptation to invest in "the Italian Paste," which there is the authority of its maker for pronouncing "the most efficacious and infallible thing in the world for the speedy and certain extirpation of those destructive animals, rats and mice; for, by its wonderfully attractive quality,

those rats, etc., which are destroyed by the effects thereof are frequently eaten in the most voracious manner by the surviving animals to obtain the composition." What a theme for a poster! But, unhappily, posters were not then invented.

The lucky owner of a rattlesnake—"just arrived from America, the only one alive in this kingdom"—indulges in a little scientific dissertation:—

Among the many wonderful productions Nature has been so lavish as to distribute over the globe, none deserves the attention of the curious more than the *Rattle-Snake*. Most writers agree as to the baneful effect of its bite; and that it is attended with instant death is beyond dispute. Its progress when enraged and pursuing is next to flying; but what must surprise and astonish is that the above snake was caught on the 3d day of May last, since which time, till within the space of ten days, it has existed without any kind of sustenance whatever. Admittance 6*d.* each person, at No. 4 Capel Court, Bartholomew Lane.

This appeared on October 4th, so that the rattlesnake must have been an economical, if somewhat responsible, luxury.

Drapers' announcements include that of Messrs. Dyde & Scribe of Pall Mall, who "beg leave to observe that their warehouses are warmed with good fires and the floor covered with mats." A mourning warehouse mentions materials, some of which are unfamiliar to the modern ear: "Rasdimores for widows' mourning, black Armozeens, lustings, double and single taffities, cypress, &c."

One reads much of Dr. Solander's Sanative English Tea, whatever that was. He harps much on the patriotic string. "By the nobility and gentry," he says, "this Tea is much admired as a fashionable breakfast, being . . . in every respect preferable to foreign tea, which the Faculty unanimously concur in pronouncing a species of slow poison." The ingenious doctor does not mention where his tea is grown, though it was to be obtained of "Mr. Fuller, Covent Garden, near the Hummums."

Even in those happy days there were no tea plantations in Kent.

Mr. Charles, of 108 Strand, "Sworn Miniature Painter to His Majesty the King and to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," advertises his ability to take "strong likenesses" in one hour at a charge of from one to ten guineas; and a Strand firm offers for the inspection of the Nobility and Gentry a "Magnificent Barrel Organ." So does the luxury of one century become the superfluity of the next.

What is an "American Creeper?" One would at the first blush suspect it of a connection with botany; but it appears from an advertisement that it is "a simple but very useful Invention, for effectually preventing the possibility of slipping in walking over the frozen Pavement, and consequently the dangerous falls to which all persons are subject, when business or amusement takes them into the streets at this inclement season. A large assortment," we are assured, "are ready for sale at Savigny's, No. 28 King Street, Covent Garden."

Not only were the tradesmen of a hundred years ago more polite in the public prints, but so were the officials. It is not so long since all the West End was grumbling about the unconscionable time for which Piccadilly was "up." What should we have said to see an advertisement in the papers like one which appeared on November 28, 1790?—

TEMPLE BAR AND SNOW HILL.

THE Public, unacquainted with the circumstances, having great reason to be dissatisfied at the slow progress of these improvements, the Committee think it but justice to themselves to state that from the commencement of the business they have, without any pecuniary benefit to themselves, regularly attended every week, and no exertions have been wanting by them and their officers, yet so many and so various have been the demands for the different interests in the premises, so complicated the titles, and so large and unexpected the claims for goodwill, &c., that they have had much difficulty to get so forward as they are. . . .

The Committee goes on at great length to explain the nature of the obstacles, so anxious was it to clear its good name of the allegation of laggardness. The County Council could not be more polite.

There is both sarcasm and mystery about this intimation on October 5. The sarcasm is obvious:—

TO THE DIRECTORS AND MANAGERS OF THE SUN FIRE OFFICE. Gentlemen,

You are, no doubt, acquainted that in the early part of this year my MILLS at *Lea Bridge*, which were insured in your Office, were burned down.

I therefore intreat you will let me know when you will please to begin to rebuild the *Mill-work* and *Machinery* thereof.

I am, respectfully,

Your most obedient humble servant,
CHARLES HAMERTON.

Bread St., No. 29.

Oct. 5, 1796.

The reason of my thus addressing you shall be explained in my next.

The mystery is that a diligent search of subsequent issues reveals no "next" whatever.

Here are two notices of a class happily obsolete:—

A THOUSAND GUINEAS will be given to any Lady or Gentleman who can procure the Advertiser a PERMANENT PLACE, of adequate value, in any of the Public Offices under Government. The most inviolable secrecy and honor may be relied on. A letter addressed to Y. A. Z., at the Bar of the Crown and Anchor, Strand, will be immediately attended to.

GOVERNMENT AND PATRONAGE.—A general information of all vacancies immediately as they take place, and the mode of application pointed out. Address to H. W., Griffin's Hotel, Westminster Bridge. Honor and secrecy may be relied on, and the business more fully explained in an interview. A Place of about £80 per annum to be disposed of. Two Seats vacant in a certain House.

Matrimonial advertisements were by no means rare; and one regrets to find, in the respectable columns of the *Times*, advertisements which, though not mat-

rimonial, would have been better if they had been. A genuine case is that of "A widower, turned of forty," who "wishes to meet with a lady born and educated in the City, far from the vices and extravagances of what is called the Court End of the Town, or the fashionable world." Another gentleman in search of a wife "is in a genteel line of business, the profits of which enable him to keep his carriage," and recommends that "the preliminaries of any treaty be entered into, and particulars explained, through the medium of a friend of each party."

Another notice of the kind which you do not find in the newspapers of 1897 is that in which "A Man of Feeling recommends to the Humane and Charitable a Debtor now in Newgate." The boarding-school which insists that "this is not a school for pride, folly and extravagance, but for useful attainments," has, one may assume, no counterpart to-day; and City clerks may weep for the good old days when an employer could add this postscript to his advertisement: "Salary in this case is no object to the Advertiser, who wishes it may be large, occasioned by the merits of the Person looked for."

R. B.

then after a too brief career departs, and his inspiration with him.

What was there in that little Boeotian town of Tanagra, in the second half of the fourth century B. C., to inspire a school of anonymous artists, whose exquisite terra-cottas are the gems of every museum of Europe to-day? The melilot and wild thyme were nosweeter there than in a hundred fields and vales of Hellas: the women were no fairer. The clay was excellent, but had no magic in it. As far as we know, no deity had a shrine there. Of its streams,

There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.

Like Yarrow, its fame was the gift of the human fancy alone.

And how long its charm lay hidden! It was only in the winter of 1873 that some tombs discovered by chance were found to contain numerous statuettes which had evidently been placed round the dead at interment twenty-two centuries ago. The graves were partly cut in the rock, partly built up with masonry, plastered and stuccoed within. They were part of an extensive necropolis of which since 1873 many thousands of graves have been opened. In Boeotia at this period both burial and cremation were practised; but in each case the figurines stood closely round the remains or were placed in baskets or vases beside them. Many were perfect, more were in fragments. No adequate explanation has yet been given of this remarkable funeral custom. Honor or consolation to the dead is implied by it. In other parts of Greece and its colonies painted vases were similarly deposited in the tombs. Prehistoric statuettes have been found at Corinth, Smyrna and Cyprus. Dr. Schliemann found them at Hissarlik. It was an ancient custom in Egypt and Chaldea to place such small figures under the foundations of temples and pylons, symbolical, it is thought, of still earlier human sacrifices. But these are so different in style from those of Tanagra that they throw no light upon them. The latter form a

From Good Words.

THE TERRA-COTTAS OF TANAGRA.

Mais toi qui sus fixer dans la rustique
argile
La frêle émotion du plus doux sentiment,
Si bien, qu'après vingt des siècles, tendrement
Je vois se dénouer cette amoureuse idylle.

A. GERARDIN.

The workings of the human imagination come always to surprise, are never entirely explicable, and are often very transient. The artist appears unexpectedly, in a *milieu* perhaps without distinction, his creative gift his only credential. He displays his enchanting capacity, perhaps kindles in some of his fellows equally delightful gifts,

school of art by themselves as naive, arch and winning as they are varied and lovely.

Tanagra was on the high road north-east from Athens to Thebes—about thirteen miles east of the latter. Bœotia had one great era, under Epaminondas; otherwise it had a character for rustic stupidity.

The height of the Tanagra figures varies from three inches to ten or twelve inches. They are not true pottery, have no kaolin in their composition, but are simply baked clay (terra-cotta means burned earth). Nor are their glazes truly ceramic; that is, the firing has not been hot enough to form a true vitreous glaze. They were partly cast in moulds, partly modelled with tools. The features and hair were skilfully hand-worked. The heads, fans and sometimes the arms were moulded separately and attached before firing. So many have been found with the heads broken off that it is necessary to warn the student that the modern workmen who unearthed them have in many cases fitted them with the wrong heads. It has even been suggested that they were purposely broken on interment as symbolic sacrifices, but of this there is no real evidence. They vary greatly in style. From their immense numbers they must have been very cheap. Many of them have been delicately colored: the flesh with a glaze of tender warmth, the lips crimson; the eyes blue, the hair golden or chestnut; and the necklaces and earrings gilt. The draperies are colored blue, pink and white, sometimes with gold fringes. But their greatest charm is their engaging natural attitudes, the freshness of their motive, and their suggestiveness of youthful grace and beauty. The eye passes from one to another refreshed by their variety and *gracilussete*.

Surely woman's dress was never so beautiful as among the Greeks, and certainly in no clime or time was it ever simpler. These terra-cottas fully express its charm and grace; they even give the sense of each textile fibre in the character of its folds.

The Spartan women adopted the simplest of styles; with them the principal garment was the *chiton*, a plain, sleeveless, light dress of fine wool or linen, falling to the feet, open on one side and linked together with studs. It was fastened on one or both shoulders with brooches or clasps, leaving the right arm quite free. Round the waist or at the hips the *chiton* was tied by a ribbon or girdle; and the dress was shortened by pulling the lower part through it. The goddess Artemis wears a *chiton* shortened to the knees, and was busked for the chase. The Ionian *chiton* was closed at the sides and had sleeves. In Attica two girdles were often worn, one at the waist and the other at the hips, giving Greek sculptors opportunity to display their exquisite skill in drapery in treating the creases of the intermediate folds. Above the *chiton* came the *diploidion*, a square piece of stuff, doubled, passing under the left arm, and fastened on each shoulder by a clasp. Over all came the *peplos*, a large thin shawl, never clasped or buttoned, but worn loose; a garment of exquisite grace, endless in intricacy of fold. Sometimes the terra-cottas show it drawn over the head, as in wet weather or for mourning; sometimes it is wound twice round the body, but generally it is a veil or a shawl. All the goddesses wear it. In its corners the women sewed little bits of metal to make those delightful folds or pleats.

"The women of Bœotia are the most beautiful of Greece, for their height of stature, pose, and the rhythm of their attitudes; they have a fashion of wearing their *peplos* round their faces like a mask." But as they wore the delicate "tissue of air" their features were seen through it, and the modellers of Tanagra were skilful in expressing fabric transparency.

How far off, and yet how intimate, seems that old Greek life! On the one hand, we, perhaps, forget that it was a régime of cruel slavery. In Attica the slaves far outnumbered the freemen. The slaves in the Laurium silver mines worked three hundred and sixty days in each year, and seldom

lived three years. Even Aristotle seems unable to conceive a society which did not rest upon slavery. Again, the unstable political conditions rendered it possible for women of noble birth to become the spoil of war. And yet there are aspects in which the modernism of it startles us, just as the conversation of the Syracusan gossips in the famous Idyl XV. of Theocritus does. It is *genre* of the most naive and frank domesticity.

How far away seems the mystic cult of Demeter and Persephone! The women of Boeotia celebrated their austere rites in honor of the archaic myth. Demeter is the fruitful mother earth, Kore the seed placed in her fecund bosom; hence their inseparable union. They were honored under the name of the "great goddesses." The funereal character of their worship arose from the figure that, as the seed corn is buried, so we place in the kind earth the relics of our own loved ones.

The Eleusinia, as the great secret celebration of every fourth year was called, took place at Eleusis, nine or ten miles west of Athens. Thither the women and priests brought the statue of Iacchus, crowned with myrtle, shouting the while their mystic hymns, and waving torches in frenzied dance. Halfway on the road the pilgrims were attacked with gross jokes and license, commemorating the insults offered to the sorrowing mother herself, when in her great grief she sought her daughter Proserpine. Thirty thousand people are said to have been present on one occasion, though the initiated were perhaps always few. The mysteries commenced on the second day, in the great temple, smoking with sacrifice and incense. Then followed purifications of the novitiates, admonitions, threats of death to the betrayers of the sacred rites. The ground trembled, feigned lightnings flashed, phantoms and spectres rose, the chains and shrieks of the lost in Tartarus were heard.

A voice sounded: "Far from hence be the profane, the impious, and all those whose souls are polluted with guilt!" Slowly these terrors faded, the daylight

returned, the temple groves reappeared, songs broke forth and the statue of the goddess was again unveiled. The initiated preserved as sacred relics the robes they had worn, and sewed parts of them into their children's clothes. The firm belief of antiquity was that the noblest urgencies were uttered by the hierophant: reverence for the Deity, absolute repentance and consecration to a nobler life. Demeter willed it so. Cicero says: "Much that is divinely excellent, it seems to me, Athens has preserved, but none better than these mysteries, by which we are formed and moulded from a rude savage life to humanity. In them we perceive the real principles of life, and learn not only to live happily, but to die with a fairer hope."¹ *Sursum corda!* Thoughts such as these rise in us while we gaze at these ravishing terra-cottas. These relics of human affection seem so fresh from their moulds that it is with difficulty we realize that twenty-two centuries have passed since they were laid from the light of day in Tanagran tombs, that eyes which last looked on them have been quenched in the dust of two millenniums.

The subjects of these clay sketches are of the simplest. Coleridge has said that a picture is a thought and a fact; these are more thoughts than facts. Here a dear girl is unfastening her sandal while she motions to an unseen companion beside her. Here again is a resting nymph of seventeen years; she has been dancing and is still gay with her exertion, but has drawn again her *peplos* veil around her shoulders and retaken her fan. In another model two girls have been playing ball; the victor is being carried pick-a-back to enforce a forfeit.

In another, we see a stately muse with face uplifted in contemplation skyward. The grace of their attitudes, the charm of their youthful features and the perfection of the folds of their draperies are beyond all praise. Their living, lissome forms are seen beneath their modest robes.

¹ Mahaffy's "Social Life in Greece."

The love of the Greeks for daylight and their horror of the shades made the ceremonies at death very affecting. The women of the house washed the body and bathed it with perfumes. It was then laid on a bier crowned with flowers in the doorway of the house, the whole family sobbing with paroxysmal grief, in traditional rhythms of despair. On the next day the corpse was carried to the pyre, and when the flames had done their work the ashes were placed in an urn and carried to the village cemetery.

But when the adieux had been said, the funeral repast eaten, when the *stele* had been erected, the lost one was not forgotten. They thought that in the kingdom of Hades he had still need of human love. Again and again his loved ones returned with crowns, fruits and *leythi* full of perfumes, and poured out libations of black wine which they felt descended to the shades beneath.

One of these clay sketches represents a dying girl brought by Hermes to old Charon's boat on the austere, reedy banks of Styx. She stands finger on lip, reluctant to leave all she loves. Hermes, who has a red *chlamys* and his *petasus* on his shoulders, is calming her; even the stern boatman is for once gracious. One remembers the Greek epitaph: "Stranger, do you ask who is the unfortunate here underground, whose parents have hidden her from the light of day? You shall know. I was called by the gracious name of Olympia. I am the daughter of Petrocles; my mother is Olympias. When I had to tread the fatal path I was only fourteen year old. Virgin, instead of the nuptial bed I have obtained this tomb."

Death and mournful subjects are, however, infrequent. Here, for instance, is a group of girls at a fountain. Nowhere are there so many or so famous springs as in Hellas. They leap from the clefts of the marble mountains, glitter amongst the parnassus grass, till they form founts at each village end. And peeping in at twilight each house-maiden thought she saw in

the crystal depth, not the reflection of her own homely face, but the eyes and smile of an immortal nymph. Here the girl-lets are idle; two of them have been playing at osselets, and the rest, with embracing arms, are keenly watching the game.

Yonder is a little rosy boy in his winter cloak. Who would not like to be eavesdropper at the conversation of these two women! If their talk is as bewitching as their pose it is enough. But I think we can guess at their fascinating secrets. Eros and Hymen inspire them, but the telling has lasted already two thousand years. But we have said enough. At the British Museum, at South Kensington, at the Louvre, at Berlin, you will find others just as charming.

Though the "Tanagrettes" are numerous, do not think that they are cheap to-day. A small, single figure will cost you £50 or £60. For a reclining Venus and Cupids at South Kensington Museum the directors gave £275 10s. But admirable reproductions from English and Continental museums can be bought for 20s. to 30s.

Similar terres-cuites have been found in other parts of Greece, in Italy and in Asia Minor. The fashion may have spread from Tanagra. Examples even may have been exported thence. But it is very certain that at the date we have been speaking of a school of artists of remarkable charm existed in that distant hillside town.

It was, in some respects, not unlike in its naturalism to the school of Dutch painting in the seventeenth century A. D. But the difference between Holland and Attica! Perhaps the hidden sweetness of the art of former days lies in the deeply-felt continuity of our human fate—birth, love, sorrow and death:—

In the primal sympathy,
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death;
In thoughts that bring the philosophic
mind.

THOMAS SULMAN.

From The Speaker.

NIGHT HABITS OF WILD ANIMALS.

There is probably less known about the night habits of British wild animals than about any other branch of the natural history of our islands. The reason for this lack of knowledge is, of course, not far to seek. Observations are exceedingly difficult to make during the hours of darkness, and very few men, even amongst the growing numbers of enthusiastic young naturalists, are able, even if they were ever so willing, to spend their nights in the open air. I have kept a couple of foxes under observation a night or two on the northern hills by sitting amongst the loose boulders and crags beneath which they had a litter of cubs. Long before midnight they came and barked in their short, peculiar way, but whether as a call to their offspring to come forth or in angry disapproval of my presence, which they could doubtless smell, it is impossible to say. Once or twice I could discern the body of one of them weirdly outlined against the horizon as it stood on the top of an old mining hillock in front of me. Whether they brought any food for their offspring or not I could never ascertain, but a careful search round the den each morning at daybreak resulted in the finding of nothing.

That foxes travel great distances at night time, and purely on their own account, I have proved over and over again by tracing them in the snow from points lying six and eight miles apart as the crow flies. This distance would be more than doubled when the animal's zigzagging and wandering about in the apparent hope of circumventing a stray rabbit on the feed or pouncing upon a sleeping grouse had been taken into consideration.

That the creature is capable of going without food for a considerable period of time is proved by the fact that its doings, during the whole of a long winter's night, may be traced on the snow without discovering any evidence of food either having been secured or partaken of from some hidden store. Although a shy and suspicious animal, a

fox is an apt pupil, and speedily learns to discriminate between things harmful and unharful. Not long ago a Yorkshire farmer, whose flock of geese suffered somewhat severely from the depredations of a number of foxes, conceived the notion of scaring the robbers away by hanging a small bell to the neck of his gander. For a time this pretty piece of ingenuity was rewarded by a perfect immunity from loss, but by and by the harmlessness of the device was discovered, and finally the old gander wearing the bit of tinkling metal was himself slain and eaten.

Hares are particularly active during the night. They rise from their forms at dusk, stretch themselves, and in hilly moorland districts descend into the valleys where the most luscious grass grows to feed. I have frequently traced hares from their feeding ground, which they visited every night at the bottom of a Yorkshire dale, to the peat hags on the hill tops, a distance of two miles away, where they rested during the day. When hares are going to seek their day or sleeping quarters, they practise a very ingenious trick in order to mislead and baffle their enemies. This consists of travelling for some distance in a direction they have no intention of pursuing, and then doubling back exactly along their own track for a good way, and suddenly leaving it by making a tremendous sideward bound to right or left. This accomplished to their satisfaction, they trot off at right angles to the path they have just left, and go to form. Sometimes a very painstaking animal will repeat the trick once or twice the same night. When snow lies thick upon the ground, hares love to burrow into a deep drift of it and spend the day with one eye just visible through a small peep-hole on the side commanding a good view of the approach of an enemy.

It is a strange thing that, when hares and rabbits die from starvation during exceptionally hard winters, they nearly always like to do so near running water.

Both stoats and weasels hunt assiduously by night, judging from the dis-

tances they may often be traced in a fall of snow occurring before midnight, and that the former, at any rate, will return night after night during a spell of hard weather to feed off a victim I have proved by fastening a dead rabbit down where it had been killed and preparing the snow around it. Weasels take to field barns in winter in search of rats and mice, and both they and their victims may be traced across fields from one building to another when snow lies upon the ground. They occasionally take up their quarters in a mole's nest, and woe betide the "mowdiewarp" they manage to come to close quarters with. I have kept both moles and hedgehogs as pets, and directly darkness sets in they both begin to be very active. Moles are, of course, very energetic during the day, when they do most of their tunnelling, I am persuaded.

The common brown rat does most of his work during the hours of darkness, and the quantity of earth he can remove from a burrow in a single night is often astonishing. Both rats and water-voles are much more quarrel-

some than is generally supposed, and I have on several occasions seen desperate battles between the members of each species at dusk and heard squeals by river-banks and farmyards which portended severe punishment when it was far too dark to see what was going on. A water-vole is, I have ascertained by observation, very much afraid of a common brown rat. All species of mice appear to be most active during the nocturnal periods of their time. On fine summer's nights I have, whilst lying under a hedgerow, seen harvest-mice chasing each other up and along branches outlined against the western sky, and everyone knows how noisy roadside hedges often are with some species chattering and calling to each other. I have always been puzzled by the fact that so many shrew-mice should prefer to die on footpaths running through meadows during the night. I have sometimes picked up a couple in half a mile, and as they had, so far as I could discern, no marks of violence on them, I could not accept the theory that they had been killed by wandering cats.

R. K.

Modern Men-o'-War.—The average educated person knows far more about the general structure and arrangements of an old three-decker than he does about the ponderous metallic engines of war which have now usurped their place, and the chief reason for this is the delightful air of romance with which the old vessels are invested by certain novelists, and the real stories of heroism which will ever be linked with their memory. But there is much that is interesting about the more prosaic battleships of to-day; and Mr. Yates, the chief constructor at Portsmouth dockyard, who lately delivered a lecture on this subject, found many attentive listeners. He tells us that it is impossible to realize the magnitude of these floating

monsters, for the most important part of each ship is below water; and that submerged part displaces a mass of water equal to the total weight of the ship. The size of the ship, and its consequent weight, depend upon a number of considerations, such as the size of the harbors or docks she would be required to enter, and the design of the ships with which she would co-operate. Then the weight was distributed in such a way that the hull structure was only responsible for one-half. Armor-plating was now of such perfect manufacture that a modern six-inch steel plate was as efficient as an old pattern fourteen-inch plate of wrought iron. This armor, with the guns, costs about half the total of the completed ship.—Chambers's Journal.

